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NEARING HOME.

BY S. WYNNE.

Nearing home! A little longer
Waft us onward, fav'ring breeze;
Sunbeams falling clearer, stronger,
Light a pathway through the seas.

Nearing home! Ah, cease to wrestle,
Saucy waves, that keep us back;
Quickly let our bonny vessel
Leave you foaming in her track.

Nearing home! Now far behind us
Countries bright, but strange, we cast;
No fond thoughts to them can bind us—
We are nearing home at last.

Nearing home! No time for dreaming—
Fancy soon may quit her throne.
All along the light is gleaming—
Beams of love to guide us home.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

"LORD LECHMERE!"

Every eye was turned upon him; no one spoke. They saw a young man, exceedingly handsome, with flashing eyes and crisp, wavy hair, a tawny mustache, and the straight, Chesney nose. He was in evening dress, and wore it with something more than the usual ease. The handsome face looked tanned above the expanse of shirt-front, and his hands were thin and sinewy, and also sun-browned; but they were aristocratic-looking hands, and matched the face and erect, almost soldierly bearing.

He, too, said nothing, but stood looking from face to face with a singularly alert expression, which yet had something of reserve in it. His eyes met the fixed gaze of the earl's, and rested there, and he came forward and held out his hand.

"How do you do, sir?" he said, and as he spoke everyone detected the resemblance of his voice to the earl's. It had the peculiar Chesney ring in it which all there knew so well.

The earl, clutching the arms of his chair, rose and held out his hand.

"Norman!" he said in a low, deep voice.

The young man smiled and grasped the hand.

"I was half afraid you would not know me, sir," he said pleasantly. "Five or six years make a difference, you know, and I suppose I am very much altered."

As he spoke he looked round the table with a kind of covert scrutiny, and waited.

The earl sank into his chair, and motioned Lord Norman to the vacant one.

"You are late," he said.

"YOU AND I HAVE MUCH TO SAY TO ONE ANOTHER," HE MURMURED SIGNIFICANTLY.

"Yes, I am very sorry," responded the young man with perfect but respectful ease. "I had some business to do in London which kept me till the mid-day train. I am very glad you have not waited."

A footman brought him some soup, the butler hovered over him with the wine decanters.

"Hock, please," he said, just as if he had been in the habit of dining there for the last five years; and he took a spoonful or two of soup, then looked round with a smile.

"I hope Lady Delamoor has not forgotten me, nor Lady Sybil either," he said, and he bowed slightly to them.

Lady Delamoor had been looking at him steadily, but not nearly so steadily as Lady Sybil.

"You have altered a great deal, Lord Norman," said the elder lady, still regarding him.

He laughed softly.

"Yes! When you saw me last I was a boy, and I am afraid behaved like a very stupid and boorish boy." He looked at Lady Sybil significantly as he spoke, and a faint flush rose to her face; but she cast down her eyes and said nothing.

"Is there anyone else here whom you remember?" asked the earl, and his voice seemed a deep echo of the younger man's. Lord Norman set down his wineglass and looked round with a smile of pleasant scrutiny.

Madge raised her eyes and followed his. She was pale to the lips. A storm of varied and discordant emotions was raging within her heart. The day to which she had looked forward all these long years had arrived. Lord Norman, her boy-lover, to whom she had plighted her troth, had returned. She could see him, hear him. She watched him. Surely her heart, her soul, should have been overwhelmed with a tumultuous joy! She, like the rest, had started at the sound of his name, had fixed her eyes upon him. She had remarked his handsome face, his deep flashing eyes, the wavy hair, as the others had done; but the sight of him had not filled her with delight and joy, with solemn thankfulness, that he had indeed returned.

Instead, in that moment when her eyes had taken in his every feature, something—something indefinable, which was not wholly disappointment, or dread, or doubt, but a mixture of all three—had struck a chill to her heart and sent the upspringing gladness ebbing back again.

What was it? Here he was—the glass of fashion and the mould of form!—the frank-faced boy developed into the handsome stalwart man, possessed of a strong man's grace, a well-bred man's ease, of pleasant voice and manner and smile. Surely, surely she should be glad, and full of exquisite pleasure.

But she was not. And the fact that she was not filled her with something like shame and remorse. But this shame and remorse changed into pained surprise as she saw that his first glance when it fell

upon her as he stood at the door had no sign of recognition in it.

Her heart throbbed with disappointment and wounded love. Why, she had recognized him in a moment! She would have recognized him if they had not met for twenty years instead of five.

"Perhaps it was the confusion of the moment—perhaps, coming into all this light, he can scarcely see faces plainly," she said to herself, and tried to find some comfort in the explanation. But when the earl asked him if there was anyone else he knew, and the handsome eyes rested on her face and then passed it by as if they had never seen it before, it was as if a cold hand had gripped her heart. She looked him full in the face for a moment, then cast down her eyes.

"I am afraid there is no one else whom I remember," he said, while all waited, watching him with intense but politely veiled curiosity.

The earl waved his hand in courtly introduction.

"This is Lady Ferndale, and this is Lady Lynne, of the Grange."

He went through the guests until he came to Madge; then he said, "And this is Miss Gordon, the granddaughter of the famous botanist who is pleased to call himself my head gardener."

Lord Norman had bowed with a smile to each of the persons to whom he had been introduced, with most polished ease; but when the earl came to Madge, a quick subtle change swept over the young man's face. His eyes seemed to darken, his nostrils contracted, and the well-cut lips twitched slightly.

"Miss Gordon and I are old friends, sir," he said in a low voice, and with a smile that curved his lips but did not shine in his eyes, which were fixed, not on Madge's face, but just below it.

The earl bent his brows.

"I did not know that," he said.

There was an intense silence.

"No; and I am afraid Miss Gordon has quite forgotten what, after all, was only a slight acquaintance," said Lord Norman, with a low bow and a deepening of the smile. "But, of course, I have not forgotten. Miss Gordon has changed a great deal," and his eyes flashed with a bold admiration which brought no pleasure to Madge, and only increased the vague disappointment, regret, doubt—whatever it was.

It was not so that her frank, true-hearted boy-lover had looked at her as he clung to the trellis below her window, and bade her "Good-bye" that never-to-be-forgotten night. Changed? Yes, indeed he was changed!

She said nothing, and no blush came to color the pallor of her face. Lady Ferndale saw that she was painfully embarrassed, and drew attention away from her by asking Lord Norman if he had been in London long.

"Not very," he replied promptly, and as if glad to change the subject; "only a little more than a week."

"You have a whole budget of adventures to relate, no doubt," said Lady Delamoor.

He smiled, showing his white, even teeth under the tawny mustache.

"A tremendous budget," he said. "And I hope to tell you—and Lady Sybil—some of them some day, Lady Delamoor."

His eyes sought and rested on Lady Sybil's face with the same expression of admiration which they had worn when he had looked at Madge. But Lady Sybil did not look down. She met the look with a smile.

"I love adventures," she said, in her soft, slow voice, "and I like hearing about them. It is too much trouble to read them."

"You must write a book all the same, Lord Norman," remarked Lord Landon pleasantly. "Everybody writes a book of his travels nowadays."

The conversation became general, and Lord Norman bore his part in it when he could, and when he could not, listened with that air of interest which is one of the hallmarks of good breeding.

Now when he was silent and listening his face was not nearly so pleasant-looking as when he was talking and smiling. It was difficult to say in what subtle expression the difference lay, but there it was. The face, in repose, seemed, perhaps, too thoughtful for so young a man; a couple of thin lines appeared at the corners of the mouth, the handsome eyes had a weary, watchful, and a kind of inner gaze, as if he were listening and looking at other than the person who spoke, and as if he were doing so covertly.

The earl leant back in his chair, and watched the returned prodigal intently, with profound thoughtfulness. When Lord Norman spoke he leant forward very slightly as if he were waiting for and noting some familiar accent; then, when Lord Norman was silent, he fell back and peered at him from under the thick brows.

"You have spent a great deal of time abroad, I suppose?" said Lady Delamoor during a pause in the conversation.

Everyone was silent, waiting for the answer, and some felt that the question was an awkward one.

But Lord Norman answered without the slightest reserve—

"Yes, all the time since"—he glanced at the earl—"since I have been away. I have been in Australia."

"In Australia?" said Lady Lynne. "My husband knows that country well."

Lord Norman glanced at Sir Neville Lynne with a smile.

"Yes; a great many persons go there now, just as they used to go to Paris and the Rhine."

"Oh, mine wasn't a pleasure trip," said Sir Neville, laughing. "I went out gold digging."

"I have done a little in that way." He raised his wineglass, and looked over it at Madge. "I went out to make my fortune, and, of course, I tried the gold business amongst other things. But fortunes are not so easily made nowadays. I have been digger, cattle runner—stone breaker, even," and he laughed the musical laugh which was a bright echo of the earl's grim one.

"How interesting!" murmured Lady Sybil, leaning forward, her snowy arms gleaming softly in the subdued light of the big candelabra, her eyes shining as blue and brightly as the turquoises and diamonds in her rings and bracelets. "Pray tell us something about it, Lord Norman."

He looked round with a faint smile, an air of candor and modesty which became him very well.

"Oh, there isn't much to tell—I mean out of the usual. Everyone knows the experiences of the soldier of fortune in a strange land. I have had a pretty hard time of it, as most young men have who try to earn their living without any special knowledge. Australia's not a bad place—to visit for, say, a twelvemonth, with plenty of money in your pocket. But," he shrugged his shoulders, "if you haven't the money, you'd better stop at home. You are much less likely to starve."

Lady Sybil uttered a faint cry of delighted interest.

"Oh, do you mean to say that you have been nearly starved, Lord Norman?" she breathed.

His clean-cut lips grew straight and somewhat hard, and he looked at her fixedly for a moment.

"Indeed, I do," he said with rather a forced laugh. "I have been uncomfortably near death several times; and"—he went on as if with a man's natural reluctance to talk about himself—"and by other means as well as starvation."

"Oh, you must tell us! He may, may he not, Lord Chesney?" murmured Lady Sybil.

Madge sat and held her breath. The earl looked up as he heard his name, and saw the pallor of her face. With his own hand he filled her wineglass before he replied to Lady Sybil.

"He may tell you anything he pleases, Lady Sybil," he said, glancing from one to the other, then dropping back with compressed lips.

Lord Norman emptied his wineglass; the butler had kept it well filled, and the wine, a champagne of rare vintage, had brought a slight glitter to the young man's eyes.

"I'll give you one instance," he said, selecting a nut as he spoke and cracking it—not with the nut-crackers, but with his hands. They all noticed the action. "Of course, I've gone through the usual perils by flood and field, such as being nearly drowned while crossing a swollen river, and getting a nasty wound in a free fight. They are all in the day's work, and happen so frequently as to grow quite commonplace——"

"Oh!" murmured Lady Sybil, with rapt interest.

He glanced around the table, then fixed his eyes on her.

"But the closest shave I had was when I was cattle-running with a chum; a man I thought I could have sworn by; a man I would have trusted with my life. I did trust him!"

The whole company were listening intently, but none so intently as Madge. She raised her eyes and looked at him, expecting, fondly hoping, that his eyes would seek hers, if only for a moment; but he was still looking fixedly at Lady Sybil and addressing her.

"And did he prove a false friend?" she asked.

"He did," said Lord Norman, with a strange laugh, a mirthless laugh, with a sharp ring in it. "He and I were alone together in a hut in a wild place—an out station"—he glanced at Lord Landon. "Perhaps you know—you have read about it in the papers?" he said suddenly.

Lord Landon shook his head.

"I rarely see an Australian paper," he replied.

Lord Lechmere drew a slight breath—almost, it seemed, of relief.

"No? Well, we were alone together at this place, had been absolutely alone for—for weeks—like brothers, you know—sharing our meals and our work, and trusting each other. That is, I was the trusting one, for one night——" He had been speaking with a reluctance growing with each word, as if he were performing a task decidedly against the grain; but at this point he stopped, his face went pale, and he raised his head and looked round as if he had suddenly forgotten where he was or what he had been talking about.

"One night——" prompted Lady Sybil softly.

He stared at her with a fixed stare, half rose, then sank into his seat again.

"On second thoughts," he said with a

laugh as he slid his hand towards the wine-glass. "I'm afraid this is not the kind of story for a dinner table—for ladies. Some other time—not now—not now."

His sudden pause, the unsteady hand, struck them all.

Lady Landon exchanged a glance with Lady Ferndale, and the two women rose. The other ladies accepted the intimation and filed out of the room. Lord Norman had risen and opened the door for them, and as Sybil passed he bent forward.

"Forgive me," he murmured. "If at some future time you care to hear——"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she answered. Then Madge came up last of all. He looked at her; then his eyes fell.

"I may see you alone, Madge—Miss Gordon?" he murmured.

Madge raised her eyes to his face, and her lips formed a "Yes," but no word came.

Was this then her boy-lover? Was this the Lord Norman, of whom her girlish heart had dreamed and longed for?

Oh, how changed—how changed!

CHAPTER XVI.

MADGE found a seat in the corner of the great window in the drawing-room, and sought refuge in it. She knew that Lady Sybil's eyes were following her with an insolent stare, but they troubled her not. She sat quite still, hearing the voices of the other ladies as if they came to her through a dream.

"He was always handsome as a boy," she heard Lady Ferndale say, "and as a boy he favored the earl's side of the family. He is certainly an exception to the rule, that handsome children make plain men and women."

"The earl must be delighted to have him back," said another.

"Yes; it is all right now," remarked Lord Landon, with a smile.

"It is quite time he came back," said Lord Ferndale.

"He will settle down into a good country gentleman, I hope," murmured Lady Delamoor, leaning back in the most comfortable chair, and the one nearest the fire. "We must try and make the place pleasant for him."

"Yes; really it would be too bad if he started off again," said a lady, with a laugh. "These wanderers find it hard to stop in one place for long. They miss their adventures, you see. By the way, that one he commenced to tell us must have been a very terrible one, for he was quite upset when he broke down and stopped short in his story."

"It was very painful, no doubt, and it was very hard to tell to so many," murmured Lady Sybil. "But," she added, with a faint smile, "I shall hold him to his promise that he would tell me."

The ladies exchanged glances, and one of them said naively, and looking at the fair face in the fire-glow—

"The most effectual way of keeping Lord Norman amongst us would be to find him a wife."

It seemed as if they could talk of nothing but the returned prodigal, and Madge, as she listened, alone and forgotten, wondered what the bevy of grand ladies would say if she rose and came forward and exclaimed—

"I am his promised wife!"

Then, as the thought crossed her mind, she smiled with bitter self-mockery. All that had happened years ago; a piece of childish folly which Lord Norman had evidently forgotten. Why, had not he himself said a few minutes ago that their acquaintance was only a passing one? Yes, he had forgotten her, while she had been treasuring up in her heart the memory of his handsome face, his loving, ardent words. And even if he had remembered the troth they had plighted in childish earnestness, how could she, who now knew more of the world, hold him to his promise, or permit him to keep it?

He was Viscount Lechmere, the heir to an earldom, while she was only "the gardener's daughter."

Why, she had no right to be where she was at that moment. She was only there to gratify the whim of the old earl, whose notice of her had resulted from a passing fancy, which no doubt would now fade and perish.

She wished she could have opened the window and taken flight, she longed so wistfully to get back to the solitude of her own room, to think it all over; and she had actually risen to make her escape when the door opened and the gentlemen entered.

They were talking and laughing as they came in, and Madge saw that Lord Norman's face was flushed and that his eyes were shining brightly. He walked beside the earl, and had evidently offered him his arm, for the old man's long thin fingers were resting upon it, but he was leaning on his stick also. His face was pale and set, and the thick, dark brows were drawn over his fierce eyes. It seemed to Madge as if he were absorbed in thought and scarcely remembered where he was.

Lord Norman looked round the room with a half-covertly keen glance, looked round as if he were noting its size and contents, then went with the others towards the fire and sank into a chair beside Lady Sybil's.

Madge saw the fair face turn to him with an exquisite smile, and she watched them as they talked together. She could not hear a word, for they were both speaking in a low voice, but she saw the look of admiration shine now and again in Lord Norman's eyes.

Presently one of the ladies went to the piano and sang, and Lady Lynne afterwards played. Then there was a pause, and Madge heard Lady Lynne say—

"Do you sing or play, Lord Norman?"

He was about to reply, then hesitated.

"Oh, I am sure you do, or you would have said 'No' at once," she said with a smile. "Pray go and do one or both."

"Well, I don't know," he said, with real or affected modesty. "It's a long time since I sang in civilized society. I used to pipe up round the camp-fire now and again. I will try, if you like. I don't suppose you'll ask me again."

He went to the piano, let his hands wander over the keys, then, playing with a good touch and fluent ease, began to sing.

There was an instantaneous silence, and every face took to itself an expression of surprise, gradually developing into admiration.

It was evident that Lord Lechmere was a musician, and that he was possessed of a charmingly pure tenor voice.

He had chosen "Come into the garden, Maud," and he sang it most perfectly. At the last well-bred but emphatic applause.

"Oh, please, sing again!" said Lady Ferndale.

He turned on the music-chair, and glanced at Lady Sybil. Her face was flushed, her usually cold blue eyes sparkling.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she murmured.

He inclined his head slightly, and after a moment or two said—

"Perhaps you would like something colonial. Here is a camp song," and striking some loud chords he dashed into a wild melody, a cattle-runner's song with a strong chorus.

The audience clapped their hands.

"Why, where did you learn to play and sing, Lord Norman?" asked Lady Ferndale. "Not at Eton, I'm sure?"

He had turned with a smile on his face, but at the sudden inquiry the smile fled, his hand went up at his lips, and his eyes glanced from her to the rest with a kind of sharp alertness. But in an instant the smile had returned, and, stroking his moustache, he replied—

"No, no, Lady Ferndale; not at Eton. I picked it up soon after I left England; while I was lying by with a broken leg."

While he had been singing, the earl, who had been sitting in his own chair beside the fire, had leant forward clutching the arms, his face set strangely, his eyes fixed upon the singer. No one noticed the singular look on the old man's face, for all were as intent as he and in the same direction. As Lord Norman answered Lady Ferndale the earl sank back, but he continued to watch the handsome face of the prodigal with drawn brow and tightly compressed lips.

"Your family has not been a very musical one, Lady Chesney," remarked an old lady who sat near him. "Lord Norman must get his voice from the maternal side."

The earl started slightly and turned his fierce eyes upon her.

"No doubt," he muttered.

They all pressed Lord Norman to sing again, but he laughingly begged to be excused, and, getting up from the piano, was walking towards the fire and Lady Sybil, when he caught sight of Madge in her quiet corner. He frowned slightly and stopped short, then crossed the room and went up to her.

Madge felt herself tremble as he approached, and yet not with the tremor of love.

"Do you not sing or play, Miss Gordon?" he said.

Madge shook her head.

"No," she answered in a low voice.

He bent over her with a smile, so that anyone chancing to glance their way might think him merely exchanging polite small talk with her, and in a whisper said—

"Will you let me see you in the small garden, to-morrow—shall we say at four o'clock?"

The small garden! The words recalled so much. He had not forgotten its name, at any rate.

"Yes," she said, after a moment's hesitation.

"You and I have much to say to one another," he murmured significantly; then turned from her and sought Lady Sybil.

Madge felt choking. The strange feeling, the commingling of sensations, of disappointment, wounded love, doubt, dread, pressed upon her heart. She waited until no one was looking in her direction, then opened the window and passed out.

No one saw her go. There was some more music—though Lord Norman could not be persuaded to sing or play again—and then the party began to break up.

Lord Norman stood at the door talking leave of the guests, his handsome face smiling and flushed. They shook his hand warmly and returned his smile. There could be no doubt that he had been a success. The prodigal had returned, not in rags and covered with humility, but in correct evening dress and with a handsome face, a most charming manner, and a lovely voice.

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

BY G. B.

Come, arouse, ye hearts that weep!
Where's the luck worth sighing for?
Life's few griefs are not so deep
That they're worth the dying for.
Though we squander all the past,
Let's enjoy the rest of it!
All that comes will hold it fast—
Comrades, make the best of it.

What's the use of looking sour?
Trouble will pass over us.
Though the clouds above us lower,
They can never cover us.
We endure because we must;
So let's make a jest of it!
Joy is not far off, we trust—
Comrades, make the most of it!

Gloves and Shroud.

BY PAUL FINOCCHIO.

THE autumnal morning was splendid, of that azure splendor tepid and golden, that stretches the mind beyond the horizon, while it gives to the mountains, hamlets and vales a tint of spring, and to life a sense of ethereal suavity. I, from the open window was glorying in the grand scene of nature, observing the fading flowers, and the merry robins that warmer climates were seeking, when my sister Viola entered the room.

She was more pale than the ordinary, so pale as to resemble the profile of a cameo in the moonlight. The black hair hanging disarranged on her brow, lips smiling painfully, and her big sphinx eyes emitting a light that made me shudder. She was dressed in a black riding habit, with the whip and the veiled cap in her hand.

"Come!" she uttered in an imperious voice, "Lorenzo has promised to confess to me everything, do you hear? I want you to know and see all. it is necessary. Come!"

Her step moved gracefully towards the door, her head bowed low, as though in deep, troubled thought. I followed, puzzled as to what that cousin of hers, whom we had seen traveling in his somnambulistic sleep, had to reveal, whose blood-shot eyes always gave me a sense of fear.

We came to the garden, from whose wooded avenues a strong breeze blew, while the dew upon the grass, that the sun had not yet gathered, gave it an aspect of so many tears.

"Here," she said to me, stopping at a rustic seat, behind which a bower of myrtles was formed, "here, one night, he revealed his love to me, and in this spot I shall hear the rest. Concealed behind these myrtles you listened, and from what you heard I am in need of a witness and not of a protector."

She sat down, rather tired, laying hat, whip and gloves one side. Those beautiful shapely hands were now lean, the arteries rather swollen and even exposing the circulation of the restless blood.

Putting her head low she listened, then with the flutter of a bird the sound of foot-steps reached us. They were stealthily approaching. Showing me the hiding-place she hastily ran in the direction. Behind the wall of myrtles I saw him coming, slowly, and head bent; his big head looking monstrous on his wasted body. He was dressed poorly, with a slight reflection of past elegance. Becoming aware of her presence, he hastened his pace and was in front of Viola. With his hands he covered his face and sighed deeply.

"Sit down," she said, "and calm yourself. You have promised to tell me all, now we have time and no one to overhear us. Speak!"

Lorenzo looked round suspiciously, with his eyes yet dim and nostrils expanded as though to take breath, like a wild beast doubtful of his prey.

"You know it now," he began, "since I told it to you only a few nights hence. I loved you for years, never revealing it for fear of refusal. Poor was I, when taken care of by my uncle, without culture, and ugly; hiding my passion for you as a sin. For fifteen years I saw your beauty blooming, as though watching the growth of a rare plant. You was for me life or death, and I dreaded the day which had to come, when you would love another. To this idea a dark threatening cloud, like the sudden burst of a hurricane, obscured my mind, and filled my heart with the spasms of hatred. Thus I hated, as I told you, whoever showed his love for you. But the terrible day came. You consented to the match that the Count Ferrano proposed, and for six long, eternal months I generally saw him around you, smiling, superb, cynical. I knew you did not love him, therefore I expected you to cast him aside before it was too late.

"During this time I lived in a nameless anguish that the sensitive would call intolerable. Then, when everything was arranged for the wedding, the invitations sent out, I seemed to loose every thread of my hope, my heart broke and beat no more, and thus my whole life was turned to hurl revenge upon my rival.

"I carefully prepared my deed, without the knowledge of a living soul. Who cared for me? I was like a parasite that did not seem to live. The night that the count had to arrive was soon at hand, and I was the first person to be waiting for him at the entrance of the forest. For two hours I remained sitting on the long lush grass, listening to the sounds of the night. and my horse grazing near. At times I was in doubt that he would not pass there, would not come that night, or that my shot would be far from its mark. These and a thousand other thoughts troubled my mind. I contemplated the starlit sky, the sole witness of my deed, and the castle with all its illuminations, ready to receive a member of the nobility. Often I put my ears to the ground and listened.

"At last, to my great relief, the trotting of a horse was heard. Could you believe me that my heart trembled? I calculated the distance, considering that if my aim failed the future would be still worse for me. Your name was all this time on my lips. I donned my black shroud and mask and, with carbine in hand, awaited the appearance of the mid-night rider. The moon was shining so bright that I think an insect could be discerned in the grass.

"Another shiver of my body and the rider appeared. I recognized him by the erect figure and superb bearing. With the muzzle of my gun I followed him, while my lips still kept uttering your name.

"'Bang!' the report resounded through the stillness of the night, and echoed in the valleys beyond. With a blood-curdling scream I saw the man fall. I dropped my gun and ran to his frightened horse that was dragging his body—his foot fastened in the stirrup. Step by step I approached the beast and held him by the bridle with one hand while with the other I freed the count's foot.

"When the horse was securely tied to a tree, I threw myself like a thief on that bleeding body, and stole everything that his pockts contained, purse, pistol, papers, and even the diamond rings that were intended for you. To my great astonishment those ghastly eyes opened and glared on my face while with a supreme effort he tried to unmask me but his grasp only succeeded in tearing a rent in my shroud.

"As soon as I assured myself that he was dead I threw him amongst some rubbish, where he was found, and began to think of my flight. I do not know what it was but I think the will of a demon was dragging me away. I unhitched the dead man's horse, which was neighing frightfully, and like a hurricane he flew towards the castle. Throwing myself on my horse, and with a last look on that ghastly upturned face, which in life had always sneered at me, I raced the wind but at three hundred yards from the castle, I waited and saw that lonely horse, like a relentless spirit, dart into the gate, while I entered from a door in the park-side.

"I hastened to my own room and shortly was down among the guests, who surrounded the animal, discussing excitedly of a probable accident occurred to the bridegroom. Oh! when I saw you in your bridal robes, there, erect and beautiful, turned to the a pathy of despair, I was aware of a sweet, tragic feeling, thinking: 'I have freed her; she must be mine!' I felt then no remorse; I was too occupied to hide every trace of my misdoing. The assassin, as I had arranged things, would appear to be a vulgar person, that kills to rob.

"Knowing that the young aristocrat Gennaro loved you also, I commenced a conspiracy more terrible than the first. I lurked around his mansion until I could drop some of the articles of the deceased in his apartments. I took revenge upon the judge, who could do me harm, by his aversion for my ancestors, by concealing my gun and documents in his office. They were both thrown into prison, serving for a crime which they were not guilty. The shroud and blood-stained gloves were securely concealed in a narrow, unfrequented attic of the castle.

"Now it was time to conquer your heart, but, alas! I knew I would fail in the attempt. My remorse began slowly, steadily, but surely. The spirits to which I never believed appeared to me a thing common. The dead man seemed always to be near me, spent sleepless nights by my side. I saw him physically, night and day, felt his breath, heard his voice; he persecuted me even in my dreams. I gave myself to drinking, and liquor made me worse, the more terrible my imagination. Every night I'm forced by an irresistible power to visit the attic and gaze at the bloody gloves and shroud, and, contemplating it, feel the anguish of the awful crime committed. I am fatally compelled to revisit the spot where he fell, where he is buried. An invisible hand conducts me to the judge, and my confession to linger upon my lips.

"It seems, and probably is, an hallucination that in my sleep I'm called by mysterious voices, to which I answer, and roam through the halls assailed by a multitude of phantoms, all with a bleeding wound in the temple, pouncing on and cursing me. In vain I try to resist, but fall biting the dust. Why do I reveal it to you—reveal you all? I can no longer hide my sin. Here, look, I'm reduced to skin and bone, because I'm tied to him, I feel him now—in every tissue of my body.

"Your love would now be like a drop of rain in the desert. I have imagined the immense happiness to have you my consoling angel, and readily compared you to a pallid, solitary star, in the vastity of a heaven, black and stormy. Between your pure soul and mine there is the abyss of death that cannot be trodden. Should I

desperately extend my arms to you from one side of the chasm, and you would do the same from the other, our union would be an impossibility. There! oh, heaven, from that unfathomable abyss a ghastly facerises. It is advancing towards me, with his white hand pointing to a gaping wound on his temple, from which crimson blood-drops trickle down!"

Lorenzo cowered in terror upon the seat. His blazing eyes scorching the distance, his countenance assuming a terrible aspect.

"Oh! leave me, spare me, relentless spirit! return to the shades from whence you came. Have I not promised to atone?"

Here the unfortunate man shrunk further back in the seat and threw out his arms with a repellent gesture of his claw-like hands, as if to ward off the approach of an advancing apparition. He recoiled in wild, unreasoning terror, and shriek after shriek of such mortal anguish as will haunt me to my dying day, burst from his writhing, foam-flecked lips. With a superhuman effort he sprang and fled from the accursed spot. My sister was about to follow him but I detained her.

"The man is out of his reason," she said to me, wiping her tear-stained face.

There I saw him vanish, among the shrubberies, while my heart was beating heavily. His confession saved many souls from unjust punishment, either convicted or suspected. Hearing a tramping of horses we hastened into the house and from my window we saw him ride away with the speed of lightning.

Where was he going?

We saw him gaining the incline of the hill; then he disappeared in the wood—ere we saw him again for a moment—finally he wat lost to view!

* * * * * *

After the lapse of five years the closing scene of this tragedy was enacted.

A solitary man was standing on a lonely cliff overlooking the Mediterranean Sea. The night was horrible the storm severe, and notwithstanding this the man, whose figure was outlined against the black horizon, appeared in the distance bare-headed and partly clad. His long hands working in weird gestures as if conjuring the storm away. As though in response to his pleading the storm subsided, and a streak of light shone in the eastern skies. But this was not to last long for presently the storm broke out anew, more furious than before. The thunder rolled, the rain poured in torrents and the entire expansion of sky was constantly ablaze with the bolts of lightning,

Suddenly, and without warning, a bolt felled a stately elm, near the hut in which I had taken refuge, from my daily stroll of the country. And lo! for looking up to the high cliff again, I saw the man lose his balance and precipitate himself on the rocks below, his figure swinging around as it sailed through space. With a leap I was out in the maddening rain, and scaling the rocks, soon found the mangled, half-naked body of a seemingly wild man.

It was Lorenzo!

On his face, which remained nearly intact, there was an expression of the blessing of heaven, that had cut his misery short.

DOING GOOD.—The distress which comes to the rich for alleviation is often less poignant as well as less deserving than that which stays away, and strives to hide its own nakedness. What multitudes of cases occur, not in the highways of poverty, but in its unfrequented paths, in which a little assistance, timely and delicately rendered, would remove mountains of care, and relieve anguish of heart far more intolerable than any that exposes itself to the public eye! What a blessedness might not a wealthy man earn for himself by using the ingenuity of compassion in finding out those stricken deer, and healing their wounds, and restoring them to light, freedom, peace, and the power of pushing their way! Giving is itself a pure and exquisite luxury; but the seeking out of the fittest objects upon whom to bestow what he has to give renders the exercise of benevolence incalculably more remunerative to the giver, and brings me much nearer in character to Him of whom it is recorded that "He went about doing good." Few of us have wealth in the general acceptation of the term; and few of us, perhaps, would be the better for it if we had it. But we may all acquire the spirit which the highest uses of wealth demands. We may all seek to please others rather than ourselves, and reap the reward of bearing one another's burdens. A show of sympathy is often as soothing to the wayworn sufferer as a gift of money; and charity is reckoned to us, not according to what a man hath not, but according to what he hath. In this sense (perhaps the best one) love is wealth; and he is the richest man who loves the most; for love makes means for itself where it finds none; and the greater the abundance of means, the greater need there is of love to employ them rightly.

A HAPPY ENDING.—A Boston dude was making an evening call upon a Beacon-street young lady last week, and among the many subjects which came up for intelligent discussion was the chrysanthemum show.

"Have you visited the chrysanthemum exhibition yet?" asked the young lady.

"Oh, dear, no," he said; "I find such things very trying, y' know; I am not what you call a library man at all, and such performances are deuced boah, y' know."

"It doesn't require a very pronounced literary taste to appreciate a chrysanthemum show," said the young woman, with a tired glance at the clock.

"No? Well, perhaps not so much a literary taste y' know, as a fondness for—for—the antique—the ancient—the—the classical, y' know," replied the slim, trying to hide his feet,

"I do not see that the 'antique,' the 'ancient' or the 'classical,' as you are pleased to call it, has any particular connection with such a display."

"Well, possibly not very much y' know," he assented, knocking a piece of bric a brac off the table; "it all depends on how one looks at those things y' know. By the way," he continued, "who is it that plays the part of Chrysanthemum?"

"You seem to be laboring under some mistake," replied the young lady politely. "It is not a play, simply an exhibition of flowers bearing that name."

"Bah Jove," said the slim, "I had obtained the idea that it was something of the nature of a Greek tragedy, y' know."

A little later he bade her good evening, and while on his way home a gust of wind blew him against a lamp-post and killed him.

HINDOO JUGGLERY.—Hindoo jugglers have found means of communicating their great dexterity to domestic animals. They train bullocks to perform very difficult tasks. A Hindoo juggler will lie down on his back and place a small piece of stout wood, two feet high and six inches in diameter, on the lower part of his stomach. At his command a trained bullock will set its four feet on the top of this stick and balance itself. The juggler will then place another piece of wood, similar to the first, a few inches from it, and the bullock will shift its position to it without putting its feet to the ground. Goats are also taught wonderful feats by those queer people.

Bric-a-Brac.

BURGLARIES.—The epidemic of burglaries in Brooklyn had had some amusing results. One nervous woman, who lives in rather lonely state on the Heights, has an alarm clock that awakens her once an hour during the night, so that she can keep her ears open for housebreakers.

HAMMERS.—It is a somewhat curious commentary upon the principles which govern handicraft procedures that one of the hammer-heads of the gold-beater is heavier than the single-handed sledge-hammer of the forgeman and smith, which weighs, only ten pounds. The heaviest hammer of the gold-beater weighs seventeen pounds.

PLUMS.—There are nearly three hundred varieties of plums, many of which are perhaps only dissimilar in name. The common plum, the bullace, and the sloe are generally reckoned by botanists as distinct species, but with much doubt if they are really distinct, as the plum passes into the bullace and the bullace into the sloe by insensible gradations.

A GREAT FAIR.—"The biggest things in fairs" may now be seen in the great Russian fair of Nijni Novgorod. Some idea of the business transacted at it may be formed when it is stated that the total value of goods brought for sale last year amounted to about twenty-four millions sterling, nearly the whole of which changed hands. The fair lasts for six weeks, and has been held regularly for the last two centuries.

WINDMILLS.—Practical irrigation by the use of windmills has been demonstrated in several States, and subject is being discussed by scientists and Boards of Agriculture. The storage of water when it is plentiful, to be used when it is scarce, will solve the problem of droughts, and permit the farmer to control the moisture supply of his plants. When the danger of drought ceases to exist there will be more fertilizers used and larger crops grown.

A MUSEUM NOW.—The Banquetting House, Whitehall, from out of which King Charles I stepped out to his scaffold on the 30th of January, 1649, has been turned into a museum for the United Service Institution. The building was erected by Inigo Jones in 1619. The ceiling, painted by Rubens, is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. George I converted the hall into a chapel, and it was used for public worship until 1890.

BONIFACE.—The name of "Boniface," as applied to hotel-keepers, is derived from a good, devout, and hospitable man whom St. Augustine created a saint. Subsequently he became the patron-saint of Germany, and it was in that country, according to some writers, that hotel or tavern keepers, as well as those private citizens who at times "kept open house," as the saying is, were dubbed Bonifaces. Dante refers to Boniface; so likewise do Shakspere, Bacon, and Lamb.

SACRED ROCK.—The Indians about Wenatchee, Washington, have been expressing their disapproval of what they consider a great act of sacrilege on the part of the Great Northern Railroad Company. The cause of complaint is that the Great Northern Railroad has occasion to blast out some large rocks which were covered with hieroglyphics. These rocks the Indians regard as sacred, the hieroglyphics being a record of the Wenatchee Indian tribe, their battles, deaths, etc.

EATING AND DRINKING TO THE DEAD.—A strange custom in the Valois, Switzerland, is to make a cheese when a child is born, which is left untouched during his lifetime, and is often cut into the first time at his funeral feast. A rich man stores up wine as well as cheese for his own funeral, and when that event takes place a goblet of this "dead wine," as it is called, is placed on the coffin, the mourners approach, take the goblet in their hands, touch the coffin with it, and drink the contents to a future meeting with their departed friend.

IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

As he took Lady Sybil's hand he pressed it tightly.

"May I ride over and see you, Lady Sybil?" he said in a low voice.

"Oh, yes; please do, and soon!" she said, and her small hand slightly returned the pressure of his.

"Well," said Lady Delamoor as Lady Sybil sank into a corner of the carriage, "what do you think of him, Sybil?"

Sybil was silent for a moment, then she said softly—

"I am glad he is not married, mamma."

Lady Delamoor laughed.

"Take care, my dear; he refused you once remember."

A hot blush rose to Lady Sybil's face.

"He will not do so again," she murmured almost inaudibly.

Lord Norman turned from the door after parting from the last of the guests, and drew a long breath as he stood in the centre of the room. Then his eyes fell upon the earl, who still sat in the chair, and was watching him closely.

"I am afraid you are tired, sir," he said.

The earl started slightly, as if he had been lost in reverie, then rose.

"Let me assist you," said Lord Norman.

The earl seemed about to refuse, then let the tips of his fingers rest on the young man's arm; but at the foot of the great staircase he withdrew his hand.

"Good-night," he said.

"Good-night, sir," said Lord Norman. "I will have a cigar before I turn in. I hope you will not be too tired to-morrow to have some talk with me."

The old man inclined his head. Lord Norman watched him as he slowly ascended, leaning on the bannister-rail and his stick, and at the top step the earl turned his head, and the two men looked fixedly at each other; then the earl went on his way, leaning on the arm of his valet, who came to meet him.

Lord Norman looked round the hall keenly, then opened the library door and scanned that apartment, then returned to the drawing-room, and after a glance round walked to the window.

"Open!" he muttered. "I thought so! There is how she went, then. Why did she steal away so quietly? Could she suspect?" He frowned in deep thought for a moment, then his brow cleared.

"No, no," he said. "Why should she?" He stepped out through the open window and looked round at the lawns, and flower-garden, and the park, whose trees were dimly bulked in the semi-darkness.

"What a place!" he murmured.

Someone entered the room. It was the butler,

"I beg your pardon, my lord," he said apologetically.

"All right," cried Lord Norman affably. "Let me see, I forget your name?"

"Robins, my lord," said the butler.

"Ah! yes. You remember me, Robins? I suppose not, though. I was only a boy when you saw me last."

"Yes, my lord; but I remember you," said Robins, evidently gratified by his lordship's condescension. "I knew you the moment you came in. Of course, you have changed very much; but that's only natural."

"Only natural!" said Lord Norman, and he raised his hand to slap the man on the back, but stopped in turn and carried the hand to his moustache. "And where are you going to put me? In my own room? Let me see, where was that? In the east wing?"

"No, my lord, in the west wing. But your room is on the first floor, south, my lord; next the room you dressed in this evening, overlooking the gardens."

"Ah, yes. I remember," said Lord Norman. "Well, I think I will go up now. Let me see, that door leads to——?" and he nodded to a glass door.

"To the conservatory and palm-house, my lord," said Robins.

"Exactly. Of course, I remember. Yes, I will go up now. I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to show me the way——"

"Certainly, my lord. You did not bring a valet with you?"

"No, no," said Lord Norman with a laugh. "I have been roughing it so long that I've grown unaccustomed to one."

Robins took up a silver candelabra from one of the side-tables, and led the way through the hall.

"That door," said Lord Norman; "that leads—let me see?" and he pointed to a small door at the end.

"To the path leading to the small gardens and Mr. Gordon's cottage. Don't you remember, my lord, that you used to use it when you were here that time!"

"Of course I do!" assented Lord Norman, with a smile. "Of course."

He followed the butler up the stairs and along the corridor—which was said to be the finest in England—and looked round him with the same covert intentness.

"This is your lordship's room," said the butler, opening the door of a large and superbly furnished room. "Is there anything I can get for you? Your lordship's portmanteau is in the adjoining dressing-room."

"Thank you, no," said Lord Norman, pleasantly. "By the way, though, you may bring me a syphon of soda water and some brandy."

"Certainly, my lord," said the butler, delighted to be of some service.

Lord Norman stood in the centre of the room, and looked round with folded arms and a smile on his face.

"Fit for a prince!" he murmured. He went to the dressing-table of inlaid rose-wood, and picked up one of the toilette bottles. "Silver, solid silver. It is a palace!"

Robins entered with soda and brandy on a salver, and set it down on a small table.

"Nothing else, my lord?"

"No, thanks. Good night."

"Good night, my lord."

Lord Norman quietly slipped the bolt into its place, and then stood in the centre of the room and looked round again.

"Alone at last," he muttered, drawing a long breath and raising his arm above his head. "Heavens, what a time it has been!" His face grew pale, the lines about his mouth deepened, and his stalwart, graceful form drooped into an attitude of exhaustion. "Talk of walking over a volcano, it was worse than that! And yet it has gone off all right. I have got through it!" Then suddenly his brows lowered and his face grew hard and full of doubt. "That girl! Who would have thought that she would be here? If I had only had the sense to ask the names of the people before I entered the room! Does she suspect?—No, no! Impossible. It went off too well. No, she cannot! She is very pretty. I don't wonder at Lord Norman's infatuation. But give me Lady Sybil! Ah!" He drew a long breath, and the animal look of admiration which Madge had shrunk from shone in his eyes. "Yes; Sybil! That is my style! You beautiful creature! She met me half way too! Yes, she shall be mine!"

He looked round the room again, then went into the adjoining one, and unlocking his portmanteau, took out a small steel box. It was fastened by a cipher padlock, which can only be unlocked by the formation of the word known only to the owner. He unfastened this by forming the word on the padlock, and took out a thin package and a small book lettered "Diary."

"I'm all safe with these," he muttered, as he carried them into the next room and sat down by the table. He mixed himself a rather stiff glass of soda and brandy, and fetching a short briar pipe from his portmanteau filled it and smoked as he turned over the leaves of the diary.

"Yes," he murmured, in a tone of profound satisfaction, "it is all set down here; I can't go wrong. There's the handkerchief and the lock of hair too. Oh, I'm all right!"

He looked up from the book with a smile of triumphant satisfaction, and stretched himself at full length in the luxuriously padded chair.

"The game's mine, mine! Well, I deserve it! Brains and pluck are worthy their reward, and what a prize! I am Viscount Lechmere—Lord Norman Eldred Beauchamp FitzGeorge Lechmere—the heir to the earldom of Chesney!" He laughed, emptied his glass, refilled it and his pipe, and with half-closed eyes surrendered himself to delightful reverie.

Presently—he was tired, the strain had been great—his eyes closed. His pipe dropped from his lips and a portion of the burning tobacco fell upon his clothes and smouldered. The smell of the burning cloth awoke him.

With a suppressed cry of terror and excitement he sprang to his feet.

"The hut's on fire!" he cried, "the hut's on fire!"

Then, completely awakened by his own voice, he extinguished the smouldering tobacco, and, sinking into the chair, laughed softly. But his face was white and distorted and the laugh quavered fearsomely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Tiger Hunt.

BY A. E. W.

NO MAN, on beholding the body of a tiger, can form any conception of the extent of his muscular power. His body seems too long, his legs too short and thick; yet he is a living hurricane, the rapidity of his motion being scarcely surpassed by that of the bullet by which he falls. The tiger is always athirst, not for water, but blood. When the lion has devoured his prey of human flesh, he is appeased and reposes. Not so the tiger. After a hideous repast of bones and mutilated limbs, he begins to feel an appetite, and roams the country in search of a fresh prey and a new festivity.

While hunting in the neighborhood of Bombay, in the year 1851, I received intelligence that a large tiger had ensconced himself about five miles from the bungalow. As it was my first tiger, I was impatient to encounter him, so calling to my aid two very dear friends who were living with me, we set out in all possible haste for the rendezvous. We found the beast lodged in a deep ravine, quietly picking the bones of a wretched Malay, whom he had killed that morning, and of whose corpse he adroitly formed a rampart as he perceived us, carefully watching up from behind it. In our precipitation, or rather in our carelessness of danger—a carelessness which nothing but ignorance could excuse—the

only arms we had brought with us were long boar spears, and short heavy hunting knives. With these weapons we considered it would be madness to descend into the ravine where he was banqueting on his horrible food. The tiger, on his side, seemed thoroughly impressed with all his advantages, and had made up his mind to give battle nowhere but in the narrow space in which he had lodged himself. He also seemed to comprehend perfectly that we had nothing but cold steel to attack him with. After a little while he rose, and casting a contemptuous glance at us, gravely promenaded up and down the little ravine. He was taking gentle exercise after dinner. I could not stand this disdain, so I commenced flinging stones at him, in the hope of inducing him to quit his fortress. This he declined doing, and took no more notice of our taunts and insults than if we had been a parcel of little boys. An hour passed in this way. To return home without having attacked the tiger was impossible. Our honor was at stake. In an instant I made up my mind.

"I will go down into the ravine," I said; "let all who love me follow me."

"But," remonstrated one of my friends, whom I will call Gaston, "it is certain destruction. We have no fire-arms."

I was determined. George, my other friend, joined in Gaston's remonstrance, but without avail. Then seeing me buckling myself up for the fight, like good friends, they declared their intention of joining me.

"That's right!" I cried, as they signified their resolve. "This confounded tiger wants to keep us off and on until night, when he, being able to see in the dark, can make an easy prey of us. Let us, while we have daylight, finish the fellow."

We skirted the course of the ravine about a hundred paces, and then commenced our descent. We found his majesty—a splendid, tawny monarch he was—still enjoying his stroll, only now instead of looking like a bon vivant, in search of digestion, he appeared like a sentinel on the look-out. We moved cautiously on, the three of us abreast, with our lances couched like bayonets, and advancing foot by foot. The combat was about to commence. I whispered to my companions.

"Attention, Gaston! George! Union is strength. If we separate, not one of us will see Bombay again. Now! make ready! He is scratching up the earth. He'll be upon us in a second!"

I was right. The tiger deliberated for an instant and then sprang. Our three lances met him at the same moment. One pierced his shoulder, another ripped up his belly so that the entrails protruded, while the last actually entered his mouth and came through his jaw. The shock was so tremendous that we all rolled backward; but I instantly cried to the others to recover their position, leaping myself into a defensive attitude. The three of us were once more in the twinkling of an eye, elbow to elbow. It was in vain that the tiger writhed and beat against our chevaux de frise; the spears were buried in his body, and every movement only drove them deeper. Seeing that the brute was now almost thoroughly helpless, we, by a common instinct, rushed upon him with our poinards to finish him. Gaston, with an incredible rashness, attacked him in front. Alas! he knew not what even an expiring tiger can accomplish! Almost in his death-throe he seized poor Gaston by the arm and bit it completely off above the elbow. It was his last effort, and in a few moments more he expired. It was a victory that cost me dear. My friend Gaston died a few days after from the effects of the operation which it was necessary to perform on his arm.

It is an unpleasant fact that a tiger hunt is generally fatal to some of the parties engaged in it. During the night, and in the middle of a frightful storm at Singapore, in the year 1819, an enormous tiger marched coolly into the great bazaar, and quietly awaited the awaking of the inhabitants, as if he had been on terms of the most intimate friendship with the human race. A grocer in opening his shop was the first to perceive the ferocious animal, and having barricaded himself in his house gave the alarm to his neighbors. The tiger responded to this warning by an angry growl, and in a few moments the entire neighborhood was alive and resolved on the destruction of the animal. Captain Fielding, an English officer, placed himself at the head of twenty Sepoys, armed with muskets, while a huge crowd of the natives followed him, brandishing sticks, and spears, and pistols. At their approach the tiger rose and slowly retreated, like a foe that does not wish to fight, but who will not betray any cowardly terror. Captain Fielding, separating himself from his party, advanced alone upon his savage antagonist, who, apparently surprised at such insolence, cast a glance of mingled astonishment and rage at the rash intruder. Fielding in a moment saw the fatal error that he had committed. He saw that a royal tiger was not a foe to be approached carelessly, and while trembling at the danger in which he stood, he nevertheless, with his finger on the trigger of his rifle, bravely kept his position.

On his part, the tiger, thinking, perhaps, that if he could avoid the fatal bullet which lay at the bottom of the rifle barrel that followed his every motion, it would be as well, still retreated slowly, always, however, facing his enemies as if he was determined in any event not to die alone.

Presently, by these manœuvres, he found himself in a narrow street of which one end was closed. Fielding was not slow to avail himself of this lucky chance, and taking deliberate aim fired at the tiger. His bullet took effect in the eye, and the wounded animal roared so frightfull that the entire crowd tumbled one over the other in their hurry to escape, and in less than ten minutes Captain Fielding found himself entirely alone with the savage brute who tore up the ground with his powerful nails while he vainly tried to lick up the blood that flowed from his wound.

Fielding, throwing away his rifle, drew a pistol, while he held a poinard in his left hand. Like a flash of lightning the tiger sprang upon him; the captain, who felt that his life depended on his aim, fired deliberately, just as his antagonist was descending on his shoulders. The ball was fatal, going right to the animal's heart, and with a smothered growl he rolled over on the pavement; but he was avenged. In that brief instant one stroke of his resistless forepaw had broken the unfortunate officer's neck, and when the cowardly natives returned, the two foes were found dead, within a couple of yards of each other.

IF YOU ARE TROUBLED WITH A SLIGHT Cough, Hoarseness or Sore Throat, you may save the expense of a doctor's bill by using at once Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. A neglected Cold often terminates, through much suffering, in Consumption. A slight inflammation of the lining of the windtubes, the usual symptoms of which are a Sore Throat, or a Pain in the Breast, will, if not properly attended to, frequently lead to Bronchitis. Even as a matter of economy, to say nothing of comfort, or the danger to pulmonary and bronchial organs, act prudently with your Cold, and by resorting in time to a standard remedy—the Expectorant—save money, and escape more serious trouble.

Scientific and Useful.

RATS.—A little bit of cheese and an electric wire form the latest rat trap. The cheese is fixed to the wire, and the instant the rat touches the cheese is shocked to death.

VARNISH.—A water varnish is sometimes manufactured by dissolving shellac in a very dilute hot solution of ammonia, potash, or soda. The varnish produced is, however, an inferior one.

RUBBER.—India rubber is recovered from shoes by treating with dilute sulphuric acid and afterward steaming the finely ground product under a pressure of six atmospheres. The steaming process seems to effect a devulcanization by oxidation.

FRUITS.—Fruits, to do their best work, should be eaten either on an empty stomach or simply with bread—never with vegetables. In the morning, before the fast of the night has been broken, they serve as a natural stimulus to the digestive organs.

CYCLING.—Dutch military cycling volunteers have to pass a real examination before they are accepted for the manœuvers, but when passed they get five florins a day, first-class traveling fare, and are lodged as officers at the expense of the State.

TELEPHONES.—A French railway has arranged its telegraph lines so that at a prearranged signal the wires are switched from the telegraphic instruments to telephones, thus enabling the operators either to talk verbally or to communicate by the telegraphic code at will.

BALDNESS.—It is recommended for the prevention of baldness that the hair be kept pretty closely cropped, and that the head be bathed frequently in salt water and lubricated occasionally with a very small quantity of vaseline. Two teaspoonfuls of salt to a pint of water will make a tonic of the proper strength, and with this the head should be bathed three times a week.

Farm and Garden.

TREES.—Small trees are easily injured by high winds if the soil is made very wet by excessive rains, as they will be shaken and loosened in the ground. To prevent this they should be staked.

RABBITS.—The proper mode of keeping rabbits from trees is to wrap a piece of screen wire around each tree. This will cost but a small sum per tree and will save a great deal of vexation and annoyance.

ON LANDS.—Marl is excellent on grass lands, and contains lime, potash and phosphates, but in proportions which do not permit of shipping it to a great distance. Those who can procure it at a low cost for transportation, however, will find it a valuable aid on pastures, though its action is slow. It is an excellent absorbent when used with manure.

NO PAY.—Farmers who believe that farming does not pay should ask themselves if they are using the best kind of stock, and if their implements are of the most improved labor-saving makes. Also, if they allow their manure to go to waste, and if weeds are allowed to rob the soil and their plants. Farming, like any other business, pays in proportion to the skill bestowed in the management.

ACCOUNTS.—At the end of the year each farmer should survey his work, and compare his expenses with his receipts. Credit that which was purchased for the family, and also the proportion of product of the farm that was consumed, as well as estimating the value of the manure and increase of stock. The result may show that the farmer has made a fair profit. Keep accounts next season and learn what has been done.

FOOD.—Rich food is essential to secure the maximum product from the animal, but such food should be fed to stock that can utilize it to the best advantage. Some animals may not consume as much as others, but will more completely digest and assimilate the food, and thus avoid loss of proportions that would be valueless to animals that are unable to convert food into more than the average proportion of available product.

VIOLETS.

BY [illegible]

A lasting wind Time has left the pensive pair.
A tenant of nonetheless violets cling up!
I gathered them lovely where them mist the grow
One lonesome afternoon: their grasses frail
Had fled the other era as crowning hair
Of nowest first-born overwhelmed me, even as
I kept them treasure of the flowers that blow
And yet their tempting wise of to wear.
E'en as I guide, the breath of life is given
To you long dead, from him in twilight hours,
And tingling memories wake the living pain;
So may it be when down mist rise in Heaven,
Life's fadest treasures bloom like morning flowers,
And tempting hope be exclusive of not.

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S FOOT TRUNK," "HER WEDDED WIFE."

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN Lyra came to, her eyes fell upon the letter lying on her bosom. She staggered to her feet, and, as one who is eager to convince himself of the reality of a message whose import is life or death, re-read it eagerly.

It was in the crabbed and half-illegible hand-writing of Griffith, and ran thus—

DEAR MISS LYRA,—This comes saying how glad I was to hear that you were safe and happy, and that the people are kind to you, and why shouldn't they be? All is the same here as when you left, but I have news for you which you must not be frightened at, though it is quite true. Yesterday I was down by the lighthouse landing, and I saw a crowd of men by the rocks. I rowed over and saw them bending round a boat that had been drowned and washed up by the tide. There had been a storm for two nights and he had been knocking about the rocks. Nearly all the clothes was torn off and no one could know him. They said that he must have been a sailor washed overboard one of the steamers, and that he had been in the water three or four days. I helped to carry him into the lighthouse. Now, while I was carrying him, I noticed that on a little bit of the coat that was left there was a button that I seemed to remember; it was one of those shiny buttons cut like a star. It was like the buttons on the coat of that man Geoffry Barle."

Lyra held the letter away from her and considered.

"I have never seen any other buttons like it, and it startled me. When we had got him into the room in the lighthouse, the men examined him, and one of them picked a pocket-book out of the rags of the coat. I'd seen a pocket-book like that in Mister Barle's hands, and I asked them to let me look at it. They opened it and there was money in it—a great lot of Bank notes. They said there was five hundred pounds. They were all wet, and had to be dried before the fire before they could be counted. I supose I looked a bit scared, for they asked me if I knew him. I looked at him, but no one could know him, not his own mother, as he lied there. I said, 'No, I did not know him.' But I saw that he had got the same light curling 'air like Mister Barle. Then I went home. I went to Yarnstaple and quietly made enquirys. I found that he was not in Yarnstaple, nor at any of the hotels. I went to a porter I knew at the station, and asked him if he'd seen the sort of man Mr. Barle is or the night he left the village and I showed him, and the porter said, 'No,' and that he was sure no one like that went up to Lynton that night, because he was waiting the arrivel-heart off and noticed everybody on the platforms. So, dear Miss Lyra, I am sure that the man I saw lying dead at the lighthouse was that Mister Barle. He must have fallen into the river. I don't know what passed between you that time, but I know that you 'ated him, and was afeared of him. So now you need not be afeared of him any more, because he is dead. I send you the newspaper, where you can read all about the body. They are all sure that it was a sea captain running home with his money, and there is no fuss. You know there are so many captains and sailors washed up on our shores. So now you know that he is dead, and I am glad, for I hated him. And now dere Miss Lyra, I must say what I said when you went away. If you are not happy you will come back. It is quite different here without you. All of us, Carlo, and the pigeons and the fowls, all miss you. So come back when you like, and soon. No more, from your servant,

GRIFFITH."

With several hands Lyra tore the wrapper from the paper and read an account of the finding of the body and inquest. It minutely described the appearance of the body, the coat, the pocket-book and its contents, and it drew the conclusion that the unknown was some passenger or captain of one of the steamers who had fallen overboard. She read and re-read this until every word seemed graven on her brain. Then, with her hands pressed to her brow, she paced the room, trying to realize the fact that Death had set her free from the bonds which Geoffery Barle had cast round her.

Not for one moment did any doubt of the correctness of identity occur to her. The coat buttons, the pocket-book were irrefutable evidence. She remembered the thick white fog on that awful night; she knew that nothing was easier than for a man, a stranger, to slip on the steep river brink, and fall into the river. In the event of his not being able to swim, he would inevitably be drowned. The outgoing tide would wash him out to the bar, and the body, beaten against the rocks by the wild waves, would soon be rendered unrecognizable. A shuddering horror took possession of her as she pictured the unhappy man's fate—a horror that for a time almost prevented her realizing that his tragic death had brought her freedom.

"Geoffrey Barle is dead! Geoffrey Barle is dead!" seemed to ring in her ears, accompanied by the swish of the tide against the rocks.

Not for a moment did she think of Lord Dane. All her thoughts were concentrated on the tragedy set forth in the letter and paper which were clenched in her hands.

She who had been wife only in name, wedded by stealth and cunning, was now a wife no longer, a slave no longer, but free.

For the rest of the night she lay quite still, but with her eyes fixed on the window in which the moonlight passed to darkness, and the darkness to the bright and glorious dawn. When the dressing-bell rang she knew that she could not rise and go down and face the other two women. She knew that the reflection of the tragedy was still in her face, in her eyes; and then later there came a knock at the door, and Lady Theodosia's maid entered.

"My lady sent to ask how you were, miss," she said. "Oh, dear!" She broke off, looking pityingly at Lyra's face and tearful eyes. "Then you were hurt, too, last night, miss, after all?"

Lyra shook her head.

"No," she said; "I was not hurt, but I have been awake all night. Please say that I will come down presently. No, do not bring me any tea; I could not take anything."

The maid softly lowered the blinds and departed, and Lyra closed her eyes and at last fell asleep.

She woke with the consciousness of someone's presence, and found Mrs. Leslie standing beside her. She started up on her elbow and put her hand to her head.

"I—I have been dreaming," she cried. Then her eyes fell upon the letter and paper on the pillow, and she dropped back with a sigh.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Leslie, "you are sure you were not hurt last night? Mary quite frightened us by her description of you; but you are not looking so white now as she said she found you."

"No, no; I am quite well," said Lyra; "and I will get up at once. I am afraid it is very late."

"It is one o'clock, but it does not matter in the very least. You must not get up, unless you are quite well, though——"

Lyra sat up and looked at her.

"Though what?" she asked. "What is the matter?" For she saw by Mrs. Leslie's face that something had happened. Had they discovered her secret? Had they heard of the tragedy of Geoffrey Barle's death?

Mrs. Leslie sank into a chair.

"Something happened!" she echoed, with a rueful laugh. "Indeed, there has! Last night's business has brought about a catastrophe. Don't look so frightened, my dear. After all, I suppose it is not so very terrible. It is only that Lord Dane and Lady Theodosia's engagement is broken off.

"Lord Dane—Lady Theodosia—broken off?" faltered Lyra.

"Yes," Mrs. Leslie sighed, then laughed, but still rather ruefully. "Something must have occurred between them in connection with that upset last night. Do you know what it was, my dear?"

Lyra hung her head.

"Ah, I see you do. Well, I won't ask you what it was. Anyway, the result is that Lady Theodosia is to marry Martin Fanshawe instead of Lord Dane."

"Marry Mr. Fanshawe?" was all Lyra could say.

"Yes. He has been here this morning and proposed to her, and she accepted him. They have gone out together as—as cesily as if there was no such person as Lord Dane in the world. It's all right, of course. No woman ought to marry one man while she is in love with another; but it is a sad blow to the earl—though," she added with a slightly puzzled expression, "he does not seem cut up by the breaking of the match, or on Lord Dane's account. He is here, my dear."

"Here? Lord Dane?" said Lyra, the color coming into her white face.

"No, the earl," said Mrs. Leslie. "He has been here for the last two hours." She paused a moment; then from the window where she stood with her back to Lyra, she added, "He is waiting to see you."

The crimson flushed Lyra's face, and her heart seemed to stand still.

"To see me? Oh, no! You must be mistaken, Mrs. Leslie."

Mrs. Leslie came up to the bed, and smiled gravely.

"I have seen the earl. He is waiting to see you."

"But—but why? Oh, do you know?"

"No," replied Mrs. Leslie. "I do not know, but I can guess." She drew the beautiful head to her bosom. "Why are you so frightened, my dear?"

"Why? If you only knew!" breathed Lyra. "Oh! I cannot see him. I cannot tell why he should wish to see me. Help me, Mrs. Leslie! Tell him——"

Mrs. Leslie shook her head.

"You must see him, Lyra," she said quietly. "If not to-day, to-morrow. I know nothing; all is so confused and sudden that I am bewildered; but I can form half a guess, and—yes, you must see him. I will tell him that he may come to-morrow."

Lyra shook her head.

"No," she said, "I will come down now. It will soon be over."

Mrs. Leslie insisted upon helping her dress, and then accompanied her downstairs.

"He is in Theodosia's boudoir," she said; "you will not be interrupted." Then she opened the door and said—"I have brought Miss Chester, Lord Starminster"—and closed the door softly upon them.

The earl rose from a chair and came across the room and took her hand and bent over it.

"You are very kind to see me, my dear young lady," he said. "I fear——"

She could feel his grave eyes on her face.

"——that the effort has caused you inconvenience. I trust you were not hurt in last night's accident?"

Lyra's lips formed a "No."

The earl led her to a chair, and seated himself beside her.

"Dane assured me that you were not," he said. "Miss Chester, there shall be no beating about the bush between us. There is something in your face which encourages me to be frank and direct. I have come to speak to you of my son."

Lyra raised her eyes with a troubled wonder and questioning.

"Of—of Lord Dane?" she said.

The earl inclined his head, his white hands clasped over the top of his common, but serviceable walking-stick.

"Yes, my dear. When Dane came home last night he told me all that had passed.

Lyra began to tremble.

"He does not usually make me his confidant; indeed, Dane, with all his boyishness, is somewhat reserved. But I found him—well, very much upset, and heard that he had given orders to his servant to make preparations for a long journey and absence from England. I saw that something had happened, that something which makes a wreck of a man's life; and—I am his father, my dear—I forced his secret from him. I learnt that his engagement with Lady Theodosia had ended—and that"—the old man's voice grew low—"he loved you."

Lyra turned her head away; her bosom rose and fell.

"Do not be distressed, my dear," he went on, "or you will make my task—a sufficiently hard one now—much harder and well-nigh impossible, for I have come to plead for my son, Miss Chester."

"To plead for him?" Lyra breathed.

"Yes. He kept nothing back from me last night; laid bare his heart—I was going to say his hopes, but, indeed, there was only despair. My dear, I know how he loves you, I know that he once thought you loved him, and that now he knows you love him no longer."

Lyra half rose as if she could not endure any more.

"Bear with me for a while longer," said the old man, in the voice which, when he used it, no man or woman could resist. "I know what you are thinking of me—that I am guilty of impertinence, presumption, in thus coming to you—that your refusal of my son should be accepted by both him and me as irrevocable; but, my dear child, it is not possible that you can realize how much that refusal means to him, to me, and"—he paused a moment—"to the house. You know but little of Dane, he tells me. My dear, you cannot realize the strength, the force of his character. He is the soul of honor—yes, I will say that, though I and you know that in a moment of passion he forgot his honor. But it was but for a moment only. But he is now free. It is Theodosia who has broken their engagement. He loves you—loves you with that pure yet enduring love which is characteristic of his temperament and his race."

He paused and looked straight before him.

"If you refuse to marry him he will never marry."

A pause again.

"That means—you see how frank I have wished to be with you, Miss Chester—that the title will go to a man—well, I will say no ill of him excepting that I have learned that he is unworthy of it. But it means more—that my son's life will be utterly wrecked and ruined. He will leave all—will leave England, and take to the roving, restless life which can have but one end. I know Dane; I know what it all means for him. I——"—his voice broke for a moment—"I am an old man. He is all I have in the world. After he parts from me to-day I—I shall see him no more!"

"Oh, no, no!" Lyra breathed, with a sob in her voice.

"But yes!" said the earl very quietly, but very sadly. "His love for you will last till death. It is a way we Starminsters have." He smiled mournfully. "Dane will not be the first whose life has gone to pieces upon the rocks of an unrequited love."

He paused, and Lyra remained silent, her hands tightly clasped in her lap.

"I had great hopes, great ambitions for Dane," the earl went on in a low voice. "I had hoped that he would have stepped into my place; that he would have endeavored to serve his country and his Queen as I have humbly endeavored to do; but I have long abandoned these hopes. Still I looked forward to seeing him fill his place in this world worthily. I have looked forward to the time when I might have his children at my knee to cheer my last days, and give me assurance that my race would be worthily perpetuated. You cannot guess what all this meant to me. But these hopes must all be shattered unless"—he paused—"unless my pleading with you be successful. Miss Chester, it does not become a father to praise his son. I will not tell you that Dane is worthy of you—no man, however good, however rich, can be worthy of a good woman; but I will dare to say this: that Dane will make the woman he loves, whose love he can gain, a happy woman. Now, my dear, I have finished my prayer, for it is a prayer. I come to you to-day and ask you, beg you, to reconsider your decision. Will you refuse my prayer? Will you not try and love my son? Will you not be his wife?"

"You ask me to marry Lord Dane?" she said almost inaudibly.

The earl bowed his head.

"I do, my dear child," he said gravely, almost solemnly.

Lyra's hands worked.

"You—you know nothing of me!" she said. "You speak of me in ignorance, my lord. How—how do you know that I am worthy to be Lord Dane's wife, to be—— your daughter-in-law?"

The earl smiled.

"My dear, I know enough of you to feel assured on that score. I have seen the letter of the clergyman of Yarnstaple, and know from that how good and devoted a daughter you were to the father who has passed away. A good daughter makes a good and loving wife."

"He knew nothing—nothing of me!" Lyra said huskily.

"No? I think you are mistaken. Besides, you forget that I have seen you, and—forgive an old man's vanity, my dear—but I have learnt during my long sojourn in Vanity Fair to read faces—aye, and voices. Your face must be a very clever mask if it hides a false heart and base nature. My dear, I trust to Dane's judgment and my own. We both think you more than worthy. The doubt is on the other side. But I will not affect a doubt I do not feel. Dane loves you; he will make you a good husband."

"He, too, knows nothing," she said, almost incoherently. "If he knew——"

The earl smiled.

"Tell him—not me—if there is anything to be told, my dear," he said with gentle dignity.

"I cannot!" said Lyra. "I cannot marry him, my lord."

The earl took her hand and looked into her eyes.

"Do you mean that you do not love him?" he asked, his eyes watching her keenly.

The blood rushed to Lyra's face, her lips quivered as if with physical pain.

"I—I—oh, it is cruel! I cannot bear it!" she broke out.

"My dear, you have answered me," he said slowly, gravely. "Why do you hesitate? Why are you so reluctant to let your heart answer me as it desires to do? Are you thinking of the difference in rank? But no, that would be a vulgarity of which I know you cannot be guilty. Besides," he smiled, "I have a shrewd suspicion that you come of a family as old as his. But it is not that you are thinking of. What is it then?"

Lyra rose and turned from him. "I cannot tell you," she said hoarsely.

"You shall not," he said. "I am satisfied with the knowledge that you love my son. I think, my dear"—he rose and took her hand—"that you will not refuse an old man's prayer, that you will be his wife."

As he spoke the door opened, and Lord Dane entered. He stopped short with the door in his hand.

"Father! You here?" he said. "Miss Chester, I came to say good-bye to Dosie."

"Yes, I am here, Dane," said the earl, still holding Lyra's hand, "I have come to plead for you."

A wave of color passed over Dane's haggard face.

"You—you should not have done that, sir," he said. "You only trouble Miss Chester."

"Do you think so?" said the earl. "Then you shall plead with her—for her forgiveness. Tell him, my dear, that you pardon the impertinence of an old man anxious for his son's happiness." He raised Lyra's hand to his lips with the last word and went out.

Dane stood gnawing at his moustache and gazing at Lyra.

"Will you say good-bye to Dosie for me?" he said at last.

Lyra made a gesture of assent, her face turned from him.

"I am sorry my father has worried you," he said. "You see, he thinks my happiness the most important thing in the world—it's a way fathers have. Forgive him, forgive us both, Miss Chester! Good-bye. It's not likely that you will be worried by either of us again—at any rate not by me. I leave by the afternoon train, and——" he stopped. "Won't you say 'Good-bye,' Lyra?" His voice grew husky.

"Shake hands."

Half turning, she held out her hand. He took it and as if its contact had shattered his self possession and restraint to the winds, he gripped it hard and drew her to him.

"Lyra, I can't let you go! I can't! Oh, my dear, have pity on me! Try and love me a little. Be my wife, and let me try and win back the old love——"

"No, no!" she faltered. But she made the great mistake of letting him see her eyes. He must have read something of the love that was burning in her heart, for with a cry of half doubting joy he caught her to him and held her locked in his arms.

"Lyra! my love! my dear, dear love!"

She hid her face on his shoulder with an irresistible surrender, but he raised her face, and holding it in his hands, looked into her eyes.

"Lyra! You consent? Oh, my darling how cruel you have been!"

"No, no! Wait!" she panted, trying to escape, but vainly, for he laughed at the denial of her lips, reading the answer in her eyes. "Wait! You do not know! Oh, Dane, you do not know! I have something to tell you; I tried to tell him. It is something you must hear before"—her voice died away—"before you ask me to be your wife."

He laughed again.

"What is it?" he asked. "What is plaguing that pure soul of yours? Is it something that I must know?"

"Yes," she breathed. "You must know, and when you know—you will not ask me any longer to be wife; you will send me away."

"Really?" he said, with a smile on his lips, in his eyes. "I don't think so. What have you been doing? Murder? Forgery?" He laughed aloud. "My poor Lyra, I am afraid if you'd been guilty of breaking all the Ten Commandments, it wouldn't make any difference to me. It's one of those desperate cases, mine is, in which little things of this kind don't count."

She shook her head and sighed, almost moaned. Oh, if he could but learn of her folly, her wickedness, from other lips than her own!

"But what nonsense this is!" he said, after a pause, during which he smoothed her hair and kissed the silken locks on her forehead. "My dear child, I know what's worrying you. You want to tell me about—about some other man?" For all his declared indifference his voice hesitated. "That's it isn't it?"

She hid her face on his shoulder, then tried to draw away from him.

"Let it rest there, dearest," he said, putting her head on its pillow again, "and just you listen to me, as you're bound to do. 'Love, honor, and obey,' don't you know! Now, look here, Lyra, if it's the sort of thing I've hinted at, don't you say any more about it. That is"—he broke off with a touch of gravity—"that is, if you are sure it is all past and done with. That he—whoever he was—has quite gone off the scene, and won't appear again.

She shuddered slightly.

"Oh! yes, yes!" It was a prayer and a thanksgiving in one.

"Right!" he said in his cheery way. "That's all right! Now, my dear girl, do you think—I say do you think—that I want, expect you to confess all your past—well, flirtations?"

A low cry escaped her.

"As if it were only that!"

"Well, love affairs, if you will have it so," he said. "I say if you expect me to listen to 'em even, you expect too much. I couldn't do it. It would drive me mad!"

A momentary sternness rang in his voice, which grew gentle as he went on.

"My dear, I'm as jealous as—what's his name in the play?—Othello! I should be miserable every time I thought of—of what you want to tell me. Besides"—his tone became grave, and even hesitating—"don't you see, dear, that—that—well, I should have something to confess, and—" He stopped, then broke out almost fiercely. "For heaven's sake let the past bury its dead, and don't let us drag its ghosts about with us! I'm content, Lyra, if you are. Tell me that you are, dear one! tell me that you are mine from to-day, as I am—yes, I was yours, ah! yours only, my dearest, from the first moment I saw you, when you pulled me out of the Yaw!"

Lyra wrung her hands. What could she do? His words, "I could not bear it," sounded like a stern warning in her heart. He had said that if "it" were past and done with. Well, it was past; past and buried. Gone for ever. If she told him he might, would, put her away from him. And she could not lose him. His love made her weak as water—guiltily weak, if you like to have it so; his arms twined round her, his lips upon hers, robbed her of all her strength of purpose. Yet she tried to obey the stern dictates of her conscience. She raised her eyes to his—so full of love, so piteous in their implorations; but before she could speak the door opened, and Lady Theodosia and Martin Fanshawe entered.

They tried to draw back, but Dane held Lyra's arm as she endeavored to spring from him, and stopped them with a word.

"You have just come in time, Dosie. How do you do, Fanshawe?" he said; and his handsome face flushed with a man's joy and triumph in the woman he had won. "Dosie, Miss Chester has just promised to be my wife."

Lady Theodosia changed color. There is always a little of the dog-in-the-manger temperament even in the best of women; but Lady Theodosia was one of the best of best women, and the feeling did not last longer than a moment or two.

"Dane!" she faltered.

Then Martin Fanshawe proved himself of the right metal.

He, suppressing all signs of astonishment from his clear cut, ascetic countenance, strode forward and held out his hand.

"I congratulate you, Lord Dane," he said. "I congratulate you most heartily, and I wish you every happiness, my dear Miss Chester."

Dane wrung his hand.

"Thanks, old fellow. I'm not good a speech-making, but I say—" he glanced at Dosie rather whimsically—"I say 'ditto!'"

Lady Theodosia came forward and kissed Lyra with sweet gravity.

"I am so glad," she said, "but—but isn't it rather sudden? I don' mean that——" she added quickly and flushing.

Lyra's head drooped, but Dane burst into a laugh, then grew suddenly grave.

"Look here, Dosie, I've got to confess—confession is good for the soul, eh, Fanshawe? Lyra and I are not—ahem—total strangers. We had met *before*—Now, hold on!"

Lady Theodosia's eyes opened wide.

"It was my fault. I asked her not to tell; I told her to hold her tongue. Blame me if there is any blame going about——" He stopped and looked queerly at Lady Theodosia, who colored. "That's all right. We met—well, not exactly in a crowd some time ago, and—but that's a matter of detail, as you'd say, Dosie. And——" The earl and Mrs. Leslie came into the room, and Dane turned to his father. "I've got her forgiveness, sir," he said. "It's all right," and laid his hand affectionately on the old man's bent shoulder.

The earl smiled, and went up to Lyra and drew her arm under his.

"Let us go into the garden, my dear," he said, with the tact for which he was famous.

Mrs. Leslie looked from one to the other with a smile.

"No wonder she fainted the night you appeared," she said to Dane.

"Yes: I had a good mind to faint myself," he retorted dryly.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ill-natured philosopher who asserted that happiness was impossible in this sublunary world would have been equally disgusted and surprised if he could have known these two pair of lovers, who—at any rate for the four following months—drank deeply the divine cup of human joy, which, as we all know, is anticipation.

Persons in high places can, we are told, do anything, and Martin Fanshawe and Lady Theodosia were desirous of being made one as quickly as possible. But Lady Theodosia was also desirous that there should be a double marriage "just to show that there was no ill-feeling," perhaps; but no persuasion, even of Dane's would induce Lyra to become Viscountess Armitage before six months had elapsed. Dane, who would have liked to have carried her off to church the following morning, and the earl, who also ardently desired the marriage, fought against her determination in vain.

Seeing that she was "Geoffrey Barle's" wife only in name, her refusal may seem strange and unreasonable; but she held by it, even against Lady Theodosia's prayers and Martin Fanshawe's gravely put arguments; and so it was arranged that the double wedding should take place in January.

Dane declared that the delay was wicked and even cruel, but he was not unhappy, though he growled and grumbled at intervals.

It was a lovely autumn, and, refusing all shooting invitations, he stayed on at Starminster—much to the earl's delight—and spent his time in a dull, erratic fashion, between there and Castle Towers.

Lyra would have left Lady Theodosia, but that demure lady insisted upon her remaining; but as a friend—a close and loving friend, rather than "companion."

"You see, my dear," she said, "I owe you such a big debt of gratitude. If Dane had gone off to the wilds of Africa, or wherever it is he wanted to go, I should have been rendered miserable by the reflection that I had ruined his life and made him and the dear earl wretched. You just saved me from that, and every time I look at you I feel relieved and grateful."

"And not at all jealous?" put in Mrs. Leslie archly.

"No," responded Theodosia gravely. "Not jealous, though I've every reason. I

can quite see how impossible it was for Dane to go on caring for me after he had seen Lyra."

"Oh! come; I don't think you are altogether a 'freak of nature,' my dear," remarked Mrs. Leslie, "neither does Martin."

Nothwithstanding the impatience of the two men, the months that followed were very happy ones. There was plently of game at Starminster, and the earl, eager to keep Dane by his side, filled the huge house with a party of shooting men and pleasant women. At first Lyra shrank from the ordeal of meeting this sample of the fortunate world; but to her unbounded surprise she found not only that it was a very pleasant and amiable sample, but that it was unanimous in accepting her and making much of her. In fact Lyra Chester, the solitary maid of Yaw Valley, became extremely popular. The men raved about her beauty, and the women, who were much harder to please, about her modesty.

"'Pon my word, Dane is a deucid lucky fellow!" declared Wally Vavasour, who was supposed to be the supreme judge of feminine worth. "Miss Chester is not only the most beautiful girl I know, but she is the only girl I ever met who does not know she is pretty. I wonder why she always dresses in black, in half-mourning. I know it suits her, but then anything would suit her, don't cher know."

To adequately describe Dane's pride and glory in his lovely fiance would be impossible. As Mrs. Leslie remarked, he marched about like a conquering hero, or like a man who had discovered the biggest diamond on earth, or the philosopher's stone. It was, she declared, a perfect treat to watch him as he danced with her, or at a distance, looked on as she danced with someone else

"If ever a marriage was made in heaven—and I am sure that some of them are made elsewhere—theirs will be. It is a revival of the Arcadian period, when all lovers were true, and love reigned triumphant."

And through it all, under the admiring gaze of the men, and the sometimes envious glance of the women, Lyra bore herself perfectly. Her secret, the awful secret that in the silent watches of the night hovered like a loathsome spectre over her dreams, kept her humble in her elevation.

For the balls and other splendid functions she cared little, though she was never so happy as when she was seated by Dane's side on the box of his drag, and behind the chestnuts that ran away that never-to-be-forgotten night, or when she was with the old earl in the library, reading aloud to him or copying one of his speeches for the press.

Between Lyra and the old nobleman a very warm affection had sprung up and flourished, and once—after dinner—he remarked to Dane—

"Dane, if I had married a woman like Lyra, I would have been Prime Minister long before this."

And Dane had laughed with proud satisfaction.

The months, enlivened by endless picnics, balls, and shooting parties, sped away, and one morning, in January, when the sun shone on the snow, and turned the frost on the hedgerows to diamonds which outshone even the famous Starminster tiara, Dane and Lyra, and Lady Theodosia and Martin Fanshawe, stood before the altar of a small ivy-grown church in the Starminster grounds and were respectively made man and wife.

With a smile of joy and triumph Dane pressed Lyra's arm to his heart as he led her to the vestry to sign the register.

"Mine at last, dearest!" he murmured.

Quite as the double wedding was—for Lady Theodosia and Lyra had stipulated for a really rural ceremony—there was a large crowd in the vestry, and Wally Vavasour, who acted as best man, was only heard by Lyra when, as he led her to the clerk who sat behind the register, he said.

"He wants to know whether he is to put 'spinster or widow,' Miss Chester. Good, isn't it? I suppose the poor beggar is obliged to put the question."

A smile rose to Lyra's face; the great happiness had wiped out for a time the memory of that other wedding in the ruined church of St. Mark by the Yaw. Then the smile faded, and she turned white.

Dane saw the change—the bridegroom's eyes were constantly on her face.

"What is it, dearest?" he murmured. "Are you faint? It's this awful crowd! Why don't some of you get outside?"

"No, no!" she said, and setting her face into a semblance of composure, she signed the register. Then she dropped the pen, and turned to him with a strange look in her eyes.

"Remember!" she panted, "you would not let me tell you!"

He scarcely heard her; everyone was chattering as they pressed forward to sign their names as witnesses.

"What did you say, dear?" he asked.

She drew a deep sigh as she looked up at him.

"Nothing!" she breathed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Home and Abroad.

The highest death rate of any town in the civilized world is that of the City of Mexico—forty per thousand. The city is 7000 feet above sea level, but in spite of this fact its defective drainage makes the mortality very great. Mr. Romero, the Mexican Minister at Washington, explains in a recent article that when the water in Lake Texcoco is high it backs up into the sewers until the soil under the houses and in the streets is saturated with sewerage.

—

According to Max O'Rell, the Australians are a hungry lot. They eat seven times a day. Tea and bread and butter at 7, breakfast at 8.30, lunch at 11, dinner at 1.30, tea at 3, supper at 6 and a nightcap at 10. Tea is the standard drink, and there are few hours in the day when the teapot is not brought into requisition. The only people who can compare with Australians in drinking tea are the Irish, who keep the teapot boiling on the stove all day long.

—

An important innovation is about to be made in the sugar industry in Cuba. According to El Telegrafo, of Trinidad, the owners and workers of the plantations of that district are about to agree to the suppression, during the sugar season, of all religious festivals, cock fights and other celebrations, which cause a suspension of operations and the loss of several days for labor at the most important period. These festivals and amusements, it is proposed, shall hereafter take place only after the close of the working season.

—

The Chinese were very bitter against the telegraph at first, as it was reported the foreigners cut out the tongues of children and suspended them on the insulators to transmit the message from pole to pole. Then again the wires disturbed the graves of the "Fingshin," the spirit of wind and water. The telegraph instruments used are mostly of London make. The system of telegraphing in Chinese is very simple. There are about 8000 characters in the Chinese language. These are all numbered from one up, and so printed in book form. It is therefore only necessary to telegraph the numbers. This system is used in the Government despatches.

—

Viscount Drumlanrig, the eldest son of the Marquis of Queensberry, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while shooting recently. He had been private secretary to Lord Rosebery and was created an English peer as Baron Kelhead. Lord Drumlanrig's uncle, Lord Francis Douglas, was killed by a fall from the Matterhorn in 1865; his grandfather, the seventh Marquis of Queensberry, was killed by the explosion of his gun in 1858. In 1745 the accidental discharge of a pistol killed another Lord Drumlanrig and sent the title of Duke of Queensberry to the Dukes of Buccleugh; in 1886 the Earl of Dalkeith, the eldest son of the present Duke of Buccleugh, was accidentally shot while deer stalking.

—

In one of last year's humorous Christmas books is a list of "Bores at Private Parties," written by an eighteenth century wit, and occupying a prominent place in the list is "People Who Use Musk on Their Handkerchiefs." Should an ancient gentleman awake from his long sleep he would find his pet abomination in full force just now, for the use of the perfume he abhorred is more prevalent than ever before, and it is almost impossible to attend any gathering or even traverse the streets without this objectionable extract being found penetrating the air. Whether musk pure and simple is used deponent saith not, but of its overwhelming presence in toilet essences there is "no probable possible shadow of doubt whatever."

—

Some time ago the mongoose was introduced into the island of Jamaica to destroy the rats, which were doing much damage to the sugar cane. But the Kingston papers say its activity did not stop there. It destroyed snakes, toads, insectivorous birds and other enemies of the insect race, and as a result there has been a great increase in the number of ticks, grass lice, beetles, flies and other small pests. Horses suffer severely, and sometimes die, from the attacks of the tick, which get into their ears, nostrils and throats. As the mongoose finds the rats, snakes, toads and crabs disappearing, it attacks setting fowls and carries off their eggs, and kills young pigs, kids, lambs, calves, pups, kittens, poultry and game birds, destroys fruit and vegetables, and is suspected of sucking sugar cane, eats meat and salt provisions and catches fish.

—

The German army has long been notorious for the brutal manner in which the private soldiers were treated by the non-commissioned and other officers. The system was inaugurated by the Great Frederick, and the military authorities since his day seemed unwilling to allow it to die out. Happily, the present Emperor seems determined to have none of it. His Imperial rescript on the subject of forbidding any officer to strike his men made some sensation when it was issued, though it was commonly said in army circles that it would soon be a dead letter. A few recent cases prove the contrary. A well-known officer was recently dismissed the service with ignominy for the offense of striking a man in the ranks—the Emperor personally endorsing the order for his dismissal with a severe and cutting remark. Recently, at Breslau, a sergeant who was charged with ill-treating a soldier was tried for the offence by a council of war, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a fortress and, when his sentence has expired, to rejoin his regiment as a soldier of the second-class.

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On Mental Resources.

Variety is the secret of a life full of interest. Perhaps the readiest test of the mental resources of the average man is the time he takes to read his morning paper when he is not hurried but reads for pleasure. How many subjects catch the eye and command a certain degree of sympathetic attention! Does he read the outdoor article as well as the political exhortations? Are the columns on books as attractive as the money-market and the trade reports? Does he turn impartially from art to sport, from records of travel to the problems of the courts? If his range is as wide as that of his newspaper, he will never grow dull for lack of resource. Absorption in any single pursuit is likely to punish its slave in later years.

The money-grubber does not know how to enjoy his gains; the too-industrious successful man would be glad if he knew how to play or to be interested in the play of others; the silent recluse feels it would have been much better for him if he had practised the art of agreeable talk.

At some time in life all our resources are sure to be put under levy and our poverty be revealed if we are not susceptible to all kinds of human interests. It may be said that what we have been writing about is the practice of such small arts of pleasant living as make a demand on strictly mental resources unnecessary; but we do not admit that the impeachment holds good. One of the commonest fallacies is that intellectual activity must be associated with books. Surely it is more educative to observe facts for oneself and to reason them out in talk than it is to unearth them from books! Living is better than reading about living.

But, after all, it is to reading that we may all look with most hope as our principal mental resource against dulness and loneliness. It is a key to a second-hand participation in almost all enjoyment. Once let a man get thoroughly inured to the physical strain of reading, and the world is laid bare before him without fatigue. He may interview all ranks, from kings to beggars. When he cannot move about, the whole world is brought to see him in his home; it may be taken to the very bedside in the form of print.

Our mental resources will partly depend on the range and character of our observation. Thus travel, besides its immediate influence on the mind, its broadening of thought, and its supply of information, treasures up for us a store of reminiscences and associations that are invaluable in after-years. The traveled man cannot pick up a newspaper or enter into a general talk with a company of strangers without some responsive chord being struck. The mention of a place at home or abroad brings back impressions of years ago; and if it is in conversation that the subject arises, one will perhaps be able to tell what the place was like, and another what it has become. And, for the people who cannot travel, observation is equally important in garnering impressions. On its keenness and quality, more than on anything else, depend the interest that will attach to the conversation of men whose lives move in a narrow round.

The old laborer whose memory is a trustworthy calendar of weather and crops is sure to have a reputation and to be sought after, though he may be impenetrably ignorant on nine subjects out of ten that would interest the majority of his fellows. While to many the drama of life is always absorbing, to others it is a passing show, and they carry away no impression, just as some of us would walk along a country lane and remember no more than that the air was fresh, the grass green, the scent fragrant, while our companions have noted a dozen minute facts worth remembering.

Wherever men are to be found congregated, in market-place, church, police-court, ale-house, or grouped in a ditch eating bread and bacon, there is a free theatre to the observant lover of the race, to which the man who does not care to lay up for himself in memory treasures of observation will be indifferent or with which he will be bored, irritated, superciliously objecting to the smell of humanity. But a time may come when the poverty of the unobservant will be felt even by himself.

No one who wishes to live without dulness can afford to neglect any source of interest, helpful sentiment, or beauty. The love of the beauty of the natural world is one of the passions that bind us most closely to Mother Earth. The art of man delights the educated taste, and the charm of music does not vanish with our years, but most of all the spell of great Nature's workings stays with us to the last. Has the reader ever watched the waning day through the window of the sick chamber, where a lover of the outdoor world lay dying? If so, he may know what the familiar earth, with its charms of odor, sound, sweetness, and change, means to men who have marked it closely and lovingly. "The sunshine is a glorious birth." It lingers by the casement for the last time; never again will it steal into the room and cheer that laboring life. The trees wave their arms quietly in shadowy farewells, lisping their low soothing tune. Can it be, the watcher thinks, that, when the rose-light of the dawn filters and then floods in, there will be no response from the soul that loved its fairness? And he looks again and again on the riches of the earth's pleasure-house, from which some day he too will be withdrawn. May we have grace to revel in the glory of this world while it is our heritage!

Too many men still fear to battle for the truth. They palliate their cowardice by naming it "prudence," "conservatism," "discretion." Discretion may at times be the better part of valor, but the world's greatest benefactors have oftenest found valor to be the best part of discretion. The poet says that faint heart never won fair lady; the historian proves that faint spirit never won truth's victories. The golden age of which all the world is dreaming is realizable, but not through dreaming, but through doing—not through wishing, but through daring.

Men can be drawn aside from the deep swift current of life's earnest purpose until all their energies are wasted in stagnant marshes of nothingness, and the tattlers of scandal are ever ready to take advantage of this, a well-known weakness. But, when we are so intent upon marking out and accomplishing good work that we have no time to notice falsehood's breath, then we are most safe from its malice.

In order to secure a long life and a green old age, bodily vigor should be sustained by regular systematic exercise, avoiding all sudden strain and prolonged exertion as much as possible. Especially is this true of running, lifting, climbing, etc. And labor, while desirable in moderation, should never be prolonged till it produces exhaustion.

If no special passage in your life be so conspicuous as to arrest any man's attention, let your character as a whole make an impression for the truth. Let its weight, however little, press every one it touches away from the wrong and into the right.

The last best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest zone, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

If we could trace back the many cases of nervous exhaustion and other physical shipwrecks, we might find that more of them were due to the lack of systematic methods than to the actual excess of labor.

Sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, says Carlyle, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.

THE WISE FLOWERS.

IT is indeed very strange, yet to all readers of fairy tales a well-known fact, that out on the sunny meadows, when a gentle breeze wakes the blossoms out of their dreams, they nod and bend to each other and whisper various bits of flower gossip into each other's dainty ears. But that after death they can come back to life, though undoubtedly true, is less widely known, and far more remarkable.

Two days ago, in the far South, on the other side of the cloud-piercing Alps, sweet violets and snowdrops were blooming in the open air. Intoxicated, as it were, with their own fragrance, they were motionless in the still, mild morning, when suddenly steps were heard among the flower beds; they awoke and shivered apprehensively. A blade shone in the sunlight, a sharp, piercing sound came to them, a sound as of a death knell; they must die.

"But why!" is their last sigh, and all is over.

To-day, made into a bouquet, they are held in the dainty hands of young Elfriede, who, with the greatest delight, buries her pretty face in the lovely blossoms.

"Indeed, the Assessor Gabler is a very thoughtful man," she says to her mother, who with a peculiarly searching glance had been noticing her daughter's movements, and after a moment Elfriede adds. "Ah! Charming! Delightful!"

"Who?"

"Oh, mamma! the bouquet, of course."

It is three hours later.

"Waltz," calls out Assessor Gabler, the experienced manager of the ball which has been arranged by the Casino Club for that New Year's eve.

"Mein Fraulein, may I have the pleasure?" Elfriede lays her flowers on one of the chairs placed in a semi-circle around the hall, and floats away on the assessor's arm.

"I really believe I am not dead at all," murmurs one of the snowdrops in the bouquet as it feels a peculiar trembling and surging through its veins. Then it gently nudges its neighbor violet, and whispers:

"Good evening, Violet; are you living, too?"

"It certainly almost seems so."

"Then it is indeed true what a strange butterfly once said to me, that on New Year's eve dead flowers come to life."

"New Year's eve! What is that?" asked the violet.

The violet, as is well known, is very shy of the world, and does not know much of what is going on around it.

"My dear Miss Violet, do you not know what New Year's eve is? When people have grown a year older they have a celebration with music, wine and dancing. They meet together, all dressed in their best clothes, laugh, chat and joke; and when the largest of their dreadful sounding clocks strikes twelve times they reach wildly about for glasses, out of which rises a little cloud with a peculiar, fragrant aroma, touch glasses, making a most frightful noise, and then drink the whole contents at once, calling out to each other, 'Happy New Year! Happy New Year!' Then they shake hands, husbands kiss wives, those who are betrothed do likewise; in short, everything is gay, joyful and bright. And later the glasses are again filled, and they eat little round cakes, one, two, three—yes, I have even heard it said that some eat a dozen."

"But it is very strange," replied the violet, "that these people are so happy when they are always growing older. They really ought to be sad and think about dying.

"Indeed, they ought. And when they do not you see they show very plainly that they are not any better than the rest of us. To be sure, there are some among them called Philosophers, who, day in and day out, do nothing else but be wise, and have thought out this wisdom: that it would be better not to live at all; and they have written big books about it, and with this solution they would make their lives happier. But the most of people in their heart of hearts are just as foolish as we, who every bright morning are glad and eagerly drink the dew, even though we know that in the next storm a hailstone may entirely crush us. And that is the right kind of 'lack of reason.' It is also called 'Hope and Happiness.' It is that which gives these people rosy cheeks, which gives wings to dancing feet, and——"

The waltz came to end.

It was indeed high time. The elder gentlemen were already impatiently looking at their watches; the waiter was carrying about a tray full of steaming glasses; suddenly everything was still, very still.

"Why are they all staring so?" asked the violet of the snowdrop. "Has anything happened?"

"Not exactly that, but——"

The flower spoke no more. Grand and solemn, a stroke sounded through the hall, and then another and another. Already Tobias, the brave night watchman of the town, had entered the room with his bright lantern: "Gentlemen, allow me to say that the clock has just——"

He can get no farther. "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" is called out by a hundred voices, glasses jingle, hearty greetings fly from lip to lip, warm glances flash from eye to eye, and, see! there two are embracing each other, and there again two others.

"Will not those two kiss each other?" whispered the violet, which during all this excitement had opened its eyes very wide, and now pointed to Elfriede, who on the arm of the assessor is gazing at the watchman as though he should foretell what the future had in store for her.

"Perhaps next year!" murmurs the snowdrop.

Ah! the wise little flowers!

MORBID APPETITES.—Lousinger, in his Travels on the Amazon and Madeira, speaks of the appetite for clay shown by the inhabitants of the virgin forests traversed by these rivers. This propensity is common to all ages, from childhood to old age, and is so strong that the prospect of a miserable and dreadful death cannot withhold them from satisfying this morbid taste. It is not uncommon to see amongst the negroes employed on the coffee and sugar plantations an unfortunate being working in the heat of the day with an iron mask over his face; this is a clay-eater, whom it is sought to save from his deplorable propensity by this means, and who is never allowed to take off his mask except under proper superintendence. This taste, however, is not peculiar to man in these regions. Many animals, and even birds, also show it, of which advantage is taken for hunting purposes. The hunter has only to place himself in ambuscade near a clay pit on a moonlight night, and he will soon have plenty of sport among the wild boars and roe-deer, as well as the jaguars, which are attracted, not by the clay, but by the desire for a living prey.

BLAKELY, as Tendertone, the long-haired terror, passes: "If that fellow's hair and his brains were to change places he would be bald-headed."

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A. R. E.—Glycerine diluted with pure cologne will whiten and soften the skin.

E. A. B.—The liquid that enlarges the pupil of the eye is an extract of belladonna or foxglove.

F. G. H.—Silesia, a kind of thin, coarse linen cloth, was originally made in Silesia, a province in Prussia.

E. D.—Peter Parley was the name assumed by Samuel Griswold, who was born in Ridgefield, Connecticut, on August 10, 1793. He died in that city on May 9, 1860. His Peter Parley series of juvenile books made more than one hundred volumes. A number of spurious works were published under his pseudonym.

E. W. G.—An invitation from a gentlemen to a lady to attend a ball, the theatre, lecture, concert, or other entertainment, should read as follows: "Mr. Bolton would be pleased to have Miss Martin's company at the opera (or whatever the event may be) on Thursday evening next." Such an invitation calls for an immediate answer of acceptance or rejection.

R. T. S.—One octave and four notes is a very good range for an untrained female voice. Training, by good teachers, often enables a singer to take two or three notes, both above and below the original range, so that a good, well-trained soprano can sing from low A to high B, that is, two octaves and one note, while contraltos can sing from low C to high F, two octaves and three notes.

D. S. S.—To make Liebig's extract of meat, cut the lean of fresh-killed meat very small, put it into eight times its weight of cold water, and heat it gradually to the boiling point. When it has boiled for a few minutes, strain it through a cloth, and evaporate the liquor gently by water-bath to a soft mass. Two pounds of meat will yield ounce of extract. Fat must be carefully excluded, or it will not keep.

B. F. C.—The famous Damascus blades as described, were particularly distinguished for their keen edge, their great hardness, toughness, and elasticity, and the splendid play of prismatic color upon the surfaces, especially when viewed in an oblique light. Modern science was long taxed in vain to imitate this variegated or wittered appearance, which is now accomplished by a solution of sulphate of iron.

H. H. B.—Each different color of sealing-wax has a special significance. Blue denotes constancy; dark green, hatred; light ruby or rose, affectionate remembrance; pale green, innocence; yellow, jealousy; yellowish green, disappointment; dark brown, melancholy and reserve; ruby and cardinal, ardent and burning love; vermillion, a proposal of marriage. White is used for weddings, chocolate for dinner invitations, and black, drab and purple for mourning.

N. D. P.—Whitsuntide is a contraction of the words "White Sunday-tide," the English name of the season of Pentecost (the day of the descent of the Holy Ghost on the apostles). It is so called from the white garments anciently worn by the newly-baptised neophytes, to whom that sacrament was usually administered on the eve of Pentecost. The name comprehends the entire week which follows Pentecost Sunday, but the word is more strictly applied to the Sunday, Monday and Tuesday of that week. It is observed as a period of high festivity in many countries.

LESLIE.—We cannot understand what the quarrel was all about, and, as the matter seems to be a profesly private one, we cannot advise you, beyond recommending you to some understanding with the gentleman. He certainly appears to be rather exacting, and if he declines to go about with you himself, he has no right to object to your having other escorts. But before you accept the attentions of other young men you should break off all connection with the gentleman. Of course we are not advising you to do this, we are merely suggesting that it is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new. No doubt you will be able to come to some satisfactory arrangement.

NOT ALWAYS.

BY W. W. E.

It does not always crown our life,
The wish that seems to us most good;
To keep what we in love love best,
From ways of woe and solitude.

To hold it ever close and dear,
A memory it oft-times turns,
With faded wreaths of happy pasts,
Bound round sad funeral urns.

At a Camp Fire.

BY A. T. E.

IT WAS on the shores of Lake Taupo that it happened: years ago, long before the tourist found his way to that New Zealand inland sea, and in the days when the visits of the pakeha (white-faced stranger) were as rare as talking birds.

Major Drummond and I were spending a time of enforced idleness at Tokaanu—a Maori settlement at the extreme southern end of the Lake—awaiting the pleasure of a chief to make up his mind about a matter we need not go into here. This district is alive with hot springs, and for days our sole diversion consisted in scrambling out of one of the pulas—as they are locally termed—and tumbling headlong into another, with a happy disregard for the therapeutic value of the different waters.

At length, the novelty of the pastime wearing away, and the chief being as far from coming to a decision as ever, we determined to go off somewhere and have a day's pig-hunting.

Upon inquiry we learned that some distance along the shore of the Lake, beyond the rocky promontory of Karangahape, there was a spot reputed to be swarming with wild pigs.

I say "reputed," for the Maoris could speak from surmise only, as the locality was "tapu," and consequently never visited by them. Years before, a valorous chief of power and high command, one of the terrible battle-fighters who lived in the days of the noble dignity of his race, had died and been buried there. After the ceremony of interment the high priest had unexpectedly declared the whole neighborhood sacred. Immediately the frightened people—leaving everything as it happened to be when the dread decree of tapu was pronounced, for to have touched one single article subsequently would have been sacrilege to be atoned for only by death—rushed in a mass to the gateway of the palisade and passed out, never to return.

In this unceremonious flight many pigs were left behind, and it was a natural supposition that they had multiplied and become abundant in the land.

The hope of a good day's sport which this information had kindled in our breasts, was, however, discouraged by the head chief, who, hearing of our inquiries touching the whereabouts of the place, summoned us before him and forbade us to go near the consecrated ground under any pretence whatever.

Notwithstanding this rigorous interdiction, our thoughts wandered to the tusky boars there must be there after so many years' preservation, and we hungered for forbidden fruit. There was one way out of the difficulty. If we could procure the services of some Maori we might go by stealth.

Fortunately for our purpose there happened to be in the village an old native named Hoti, in whose eyes the ways of the white man had early found favor. While the rest of his tribe clung to their superstitious rites and religious ceremonies with increased fervor—for the Maoris of this district were the last of the race to accept Christianity—he had gladly availed himself of the teachings of the pakeha, and conformed, to the best of his ability, to civilized conditions of life.

Whether he was sincere in his conversion, or was still a savage at heart practising a semblance of civilization merely for the material advantages which a benevolent but ignorant Government were conferring upon all who professed peace as a sort of bribe, to damp the combustible elements of latent savagery, we were unable to say. However that may have been, as he declared in strong terms that he had relinquished all connection with his ancient superstitious belief, we thought he might be safely approached about the matter we had most at heart.

In a speech instinct with tact, for he knew the terrible awe in which tapu was held by the Maoris, the Major sounded him.

Great was our delight when the old fellow assured us, as he held out his hand for the guerdon which we had thought fit to promise him beforehand, that tapu had ceased to have any significance for him, save as a reminder of a heathenish faith he had long since abandoned. He would, he said, have a canoe and two good pig-dogs ready within the hour.

Before starting we were subjected to a severe questioning by the chief as to our intended movements; but thanks to Hoti's civilization, his answers, though not strictly veracious, were full of imaginative ingenuity; so that all suspicion was allayed.

It was a calm, sunshiny morning, and the surface of the Lake was like glass; so, merrily plying our paddles in rhythm to a Maori song we sent the light canoe skimming over the water.

Well on in the day, when the afternoon sun was reaching down to touch the towering peak of Puketapu, we passed beneath a precipitous cliff three hundred feet high, which sloped rapidly away on the far side to the level of the lake. Abruptly turning the point of this headland we paddled into a little bay and ran the nose of the canoe upon the beach which fringed the shore.

Bundling out the dogs—great savage brutes that would have thought no more of hounding demons back to the gates of Hades, if such might be attempted, than of snapping at one of the flies which were buzzing about their ears—we hauled up the canoe and proceeded to explore the sacred place.

Before us stretched an open space where once had stood the populous settlement which had been so hastily abandoned. Here and there at wide intervals a lichen-spotted post, all awry, marked the line where ran the palisade. Scattered about within the old enclosure, half buried in damp and clotted herbage, lay decaying pieces of the great chief's mausoleum—blocks and slabs of wood, carved with exquisite skill into grotesque representations of the human form, and ornamented with a bewildering network of symmetrical and significant scroll designs.

And that was all that the niggard hand of Time had spared as evidence of man's whilom occupation. Nothing remained of the primeval forest but the skeletons of trees rising out of, or lying upon, a dank bed of rotting leaves and branches through which our feet went crashing at every step.

A spring far up the scarred hill-side fed a stream of dark water in its course adown a barren gully.

On it came, not like an ordinary New Zealand stream of silvery brightness which babbles in tinkling laughter along a bed fringed every foot of the way with fragile fern and tender moss, but gliding sullenly over a slimy rock here, twisting round an impending boulder there, anon crawling beneath a fallen tree—always quiet and snake-like—till it reached the level ground below and slid on beneath a floor of rotting leaves and branches. At times a ray of sunshine, breaking through the decaying crust of vegetable matter, seemed to speckle its black surface with scales of light and gave it the very appearance of a noisome reptile stealthily creeping away below.

On nearing the lake the stream coiled itself for a space into the form of a gloomy pool, half choked with dry rushes and sickly scum, and then, slipping over the oozy lips of the tarn, wriggled down the bank without noise, and went floating away on the surface of the blue water in a long, black twisting line—snake-like to the last.

Stillness was over everything. But it was a peace which brought no beauty to the place. Nought was there but desolation and decay. All life, animal and vegetable alike, seemed to have been scorched by a blast from some devastating fire. It was a dead spot. A spot where Nature had ceased to work.

We were too tired, having sat so long in a cramped position in the canoe, to care for any sport that day. Moreover, by the time we had looked round the place the day was almost spent; so we sent Hoti to hunt for a pig for our supper while we got the camp in order for the night. By the time we had cut the fern for our bedding, made a fire, and got the water boiling, the Maori was back with the hams of a small pig slung over his shoulder. He reported that a little distance back, where the fern-root was large, he had seen on all sides unmistakable signs of pigs being present in numbers. No better relish to tickle our appetites could we have had than this news, and the strips of toasted pork, washed down with "billy tea," tasted as food can only taste when eaten in the open air by the happy and hungry.

By the time we had swallowed the last mouthful and knocked the tea-leaves out of our pannikins, a faint twilight shade—the forerunner of the brief dusk which in Austral climes takes the place of northern gloaming—was upon us.

Piling high the fire-logs, for the air was chilly, we stretched ourselves upon spring-like couches of fern and lit our pipes. The dogs, feeling cold, crept near the fire and lay down beside their master.

Wrapped in our blankets, but with no other covering or shelter between us and the heavens, we lay dreamily gazing at the flames as they leaped into the black pall overhead; experiencing meanwhile that soothing and voluptuous sensation which smoking after a hearty meal alone affords. For a time we talked languidly of the prospect of sport on the morrow. Gradually our voices became lower and our remarks more brief. Finally came the hush of repose.

The Major and Hoti dropped off to slumber and were at rest; but, do what I would, I could not sleep.

From time to time an owl booted from out the deep shadow of the dead forest. At intervals a shrill cry of a passing kaka, high in heaven, came down through space. Occasionally, far away and faint, from

some lonely mere by the dreary shore, boomed the deep note of the bittern. But these natural sounds of night did not disturb the silence in any sense; they seemed rather to make manifest and intensify the stillness which lay otherwise over the earth; a stillness which became so strangely pronounced and oppressive that it was with difficulty I suppressed an inclination to cry out aloud and break the spell.

As I lay watching the dancing firelight playing on my features, I saw my companions stir and turn and heard them mutter in their slumber.

The dogs, too, appeared as restless and ill at ease as they, for they frequently rose, turned, and uttering a faint whimper laid down again. The wind which had risen at nightfall moaned among the tree-tops with a dirge-like sound which was melancholy in the extreme.

Nought was visible at any distance save when a log burned through, and, falling, sent a cloud of sparks whirling into the black night air.

Then for a few seconds, as the wraith-like folds of smoke were wafted to and fro—to one's fancy like the shades of despairing souls aimlessly floating through space, yet finding no rest in their eternal wanderings—the white trunks of the dead trees, illumined by the fitful glare, loomed out of the black void, phantasmal, vague; while the dangling strands of moss swaying from the blackened boughs, stretched forth like spectral anguish riven limbs, were touched with the lurid reflection of the glow, and assumed the weird semblance of ghostly drapery streaming in the murky air—fantastic, unreal.

Small wonder, I thought, that the dwellers in those wilds, when traveling, should dread the approaching night, and fear to sleep in the gloomy depths of the bush! Small wonder, too, that such profound solemnity should touch the springs of morbid fancy and fill the untutored mind with superstitious awe. The Maoris might well speak with bated breath of dreaded things of evil, and people the waste solitudes with fallacies of the brain—hideous and enigmatic!

Even while I was most deeply buried in eerie thoughts such as these, the dogs of a sudden sprang to their feet and, uttering a few premonitory growls, rushed in the direction of the stagnant pool, barking loudly.

I reached out my arm and touched the Major.

"All right," he said quietly. "I hear."

For a space all was still. Then there came drifting to us a low sound, at first strange and indefinable, but which grew, as we listened, into a canine whine; now gradually rising to a mournful wail, now ebbing away to silence in lingering cadence. It was an appealing cry; a cry unlike anything I ever heard in my waking senses.

For a time all was quiet. Then with the suddenness of a thunderclap the dogs burst forth in a regular storm of barking which was dreadful to hear: for it was not in anger that they barked but in abject fear.

The Major seized some of his fern bedding and threw it on the fire. Brightly it burned up and showed the animals backing step as though retreating before an advancing foe. Nearer and nearer they came towards us; still backing, still barking in a horrible, frenzied way.

When opposite where we lay, and at a distance of about twenty feet, the Major again threw some fern upon the fire. Instantly it burst into flames and lit up the place like day. I peered at the ground, before the dogs to see what could be the cause of their eldritch clamor.

There was nothing there! There was nothing that I could see; yet the dogs were convulsed with a violent shuddering in every fibre.

Still barking furiously, still pursuing the same backward movement before the invisible object of their dread, they slowly crossed the open space and reached the spot where the monument to the deified chief had stood. Then, after a few moments of shuddering hesitation, the quivering wretches gathered themselves together for a spring, and, uttering two awe-struck yells of such anguish, such horrible despair, as I hope never to hear again, flew savagely at something in the air of the height of a man's throat, and then fled into the darkness howling dismally.

For a few moments my head spun round like a top, and there appeared to be a weight as of cold lead at the pit of my stomach which threatened to turn me sick.

When I had recovered from my state of practical unconsciousness I turned to speak to Hoti, but on catching sight of the face beneath the tangled mass of black hair I was struck dumb. The Maori's eyes were fixed and staring with horror; his whole frame shook as though palsied; and he cowered to the earth crazed with fear. He opened his twitching lips to speak but no sound came through them. The struggle within from dire emotion warped his features out of recognition and made his face ghastly to see. Suddenly with a cry of unspeakable misery he staggered to his feet and, seizing a burning brand from the fire (for a Maori dare not move abroad in the dark) he waved it aloft and rushed headlong from the place.

As the Major and I stood in silence watching the erratic movement of the blazing stick as its bearer leaped over or dodged round the many impediments in his way, I furtively glanced at my companion to see if I could read aught in his face that would tend to dissipate the horrible suspicions which flooded my mind. But the scrutiny brought no relief to me, for I noticed that his brow was deeply furrowed and that his lips were tightly closed like those of a strong man battling with pain.

Whilst I stood thus scanning the Major's features my ears caught the sound of a wail, spoken in the beautiful vernacular, as it floated along on the still night air. "Alas! Alas! I must die, for what avail is sacrifice and prayer against the furious power of desecrated tapu? Is it not the outraged spirit of the angry chief, whose grave I have profaned? Ah! Woe is me! Why did I hearken unto the wicked words of the white stranger from the other side of the big sea, for now I shall be given over to the powers of darkness below—even to the depths of Nuku! The waters of my life shall ebb out and the darkness of Po shall enshroud me in the long night—in the night of manifold darkness! Alas! Alas! I must die!"

The weird lamentation ceased, and the spark was lost to view in the high fern which clothed the hill-side; but, from the direction it was taking when we last saw it, Hoti apparently was making for the summit of the cliff.

After an interval of anxious watching we saw a small star shoot out of the sky, and, falling in the direction of the north—the far north where the spirit-path leads to the spirit-land—bury itself in the lake.

* * * * * *

At this distance of time I attribute no superstitious importance to the strange incident of that night, for now I know it to have been nothing but a wreath of miasmal mist which probably the heat from the fire caused to ascend from that stagnant pool. But at the time, situated as we were in the gloomy depths of the bush, and beset with the vagueness and mystery of the day grown old, I think that one may be pardoned for momentarily forgetting the lessons which reason teaches, and finding one's thoughts turning towards shades that are said to walk in darkness and are supposed to haunt such a spot as this.

Engaged.

BY S. E. P.

SHE was certainly the plainest of the female passengers. Her nose turned up, and her mouth had scarcely any turn at all; her hair was red, and so were the rims of her eyes; and her eyes themselves were far from being good ones; but there was a certain piquancy and sprightliness about her, too, as though she had been a French lady's-maid rather than an English one. She looked as if she could put her hand and well-rounded arm to anything, and had been very good-tempered and obliging throughout the journey. It was understood—it had been expressed, indeed, already rather triumphantly by the young lady herself—that she was an engaged young person, going out to Australia to be married; that there was somebody waiting upon the other hemisphere with outstretched hands, yearning to receive her as his bride. She would be a capital wife for a settler without doubt, although perhaps in England we should have called her rather a settler for a wife. She seemed to know very well, indeed, what we were all likely to think about this matter; but she didn't care.

If I had been better looking—she began her story with this—I might never have got a husband, or at least not the money to marry him upon, which is the same thing. The unsuitableness of my face to what I may be allowed to call a very tolerable figure, has been literally the means of bestowing happiness, as I hope, upon Joseph, and of putting £400 into my own pocket. And this was how it all came about: my late mistress, who was very kind to me, and had intended, poor thing—for she told me so—to have me comfortably provided for, took me over with her, seven years ago, to Paris. She was a widow lady, fond of a gay life and brilliant amusements; and that place suited her so well, that she made it her home, and I, but little loth, remained there too. Joseph and I had kept company together before that time, but he was not so foolish as to wish me to give up my expectations for the sake of a hurried marriage; he said that he would wait patiently, dear fellow although the great salt sea was to roll between us, and there could be no chance of his getting a letter more than once a day. He was a mason's assistant in London, and very hardly worked, it seemed, for he himself was not able to reply nearly so often; however, of course I was not a bird, that I could be in two places at once, so I made the best of it, and was as happy as a confidential lady's maid, under such circumstances, could hope to be.

One evening I had been preparing my mistress, who was a very splendid dresser, for the opera; my only fellow-servant was on leaves of absence for some days; and except the porter in the courtyard, there was nobody, when the carriage had driven off that night, in the whole house save myself; therefore, having nothing better—

or at least nicer—to do, and being in my mistress's bedroom among her beautiful robes and ornaments, it was hardly to be expected that I should resist such an opportunity of trying them on. The room, besides being charmingly hung with mirrors, had a delicious full length swinging-glass, and before this I amused myself for a good long while. I beheld how Mademoiselle Elizabeth Martin—that is my present name, but dear Joseph's is Andrew—how she looked in barèges, in silks, in muslins, for the morning; and how lace and satin, and low sleeves, with pearls, became her for evening wear; finally, equipping myself in a particularly pleasant glace silk walking dress, with a bonnet and a falling veil fit for a bride, I could not help twisting round a little, to see as much of myself as possible, and contrasting the effect at the same time with that of madame—who was beautiful enough, but indifferently proportioned—I involuntarily remarked aloud: "Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are certainly unexceptionable behind." It was an absurd thing to say even to one's self, and I remember blushing like a beet, as though it were not quite out of the question that I could be overheard. There were several jewel-drawers—this ruby upon my middle finger, a ring belonging to my mistress's late husband, was in one of them—but I had no time for more than to set off a handsome necklace or two, and to very much regret that my ears had not been punched for the accommodation of an especial pair of diamond earrings, before I heard wheels in the courtyard, and my mistress came home.

Everything had been put away very carefully, and I undressed her and saw her to bed usual. She was more than commonly kind and gentle in her manner that night, as I have since thought at least; and when she wished me her bon soir, she added: "I am sure we shall both be tired to-morrow, Bessie; so call me an hour later, and take an extra sleep yourself." I was never to hear my good mistress speak any more.

Did I dream that night that she had left me all her wardrobe, and that I was married in the glace silk? Did I, even in my sleep, build schemes of what I would do with the money that my dead mistress might enrich me with? No; as I hope for Heaven, and to meet dear Joseph, with all my woman's vanity, I had my woman's heart too, beating true and warm, and I thought no shadow of evil. I told them so in court, where all looked black against me, and they believed me even there. But in that morning, late, when the sun was shining full upon the window, and the noise of the people going about their daily work was full and clear, I saw a frightful sight, a ghastly horror that the day but served to make more hideous and unnatural—my mistress murdered in her bed! No answer when I knocked; again no answer. The curtains at the bedside were close drawn, but through the open shutters a fiery flood of light fell red upon the carpet and the curtain—ay, and on the corner of the snow-white counterpane, red also. It was blood! I thought there had been a rain of blood; upon the handles of the drawers, upon the toilet-cover, on the dressing-case, upon the towels, in the basin—everywhere where the murderer's hands had been after their deadly work; and in the bed—I dared not look in the bed; but in the great swing-glass, where I had decked myself but a few hours ago, I saw it all, and every mirror in the room was picturing the same sight—there lay the corpse, the murdered woman with her gaping throat. * * * * They thought at first that I was murdered too, lying so stiff and cold in that death-chamber. I answered nothing to their questions, neither in the house nor in the prison. I knew nothing, nor could I have told them had I known, until Joseph came. It seemed to me then quite natural that he should be with me—nothing praiseworthy, nothing. (This dear little engaged young person's eyes began to get redder about the rims at this reminiscence, and her story to assume an incoherent as well as choky character.) I did not understand how much I owed him: how, not having heard from me for some time, and reading in the paper that an English lady's-maid had been taken up in Paris for a murder in the Rue St. Honore, but that she refused to speak, and even had perhaps in reality lost her senses, he started off at once, giving up his employ, and borrowing and begging what he could, and knowing no word of French but the name of that one street, he hurried to me: so that my mind came back again, and I could tell them what I know. All he did, he said, was less than he ought to have done, because he had behaved ill to me of old (which, I am sure, dear Joseph never had, nor thought of doing.) He stood by me in court—in the prisoners' place along with me he stood and shared my shame. I told him about the jewels, and of trying them on; how everything was safe, and the doors locked, and the chamber window too high to be climbed up to, though a man might have let himself down from it into the yard. And then I learned for the first time that all that afternoon and night the murderer had lain hidden under my mistress' bed; that he must have been there all that time—think of it!—that I was trying on the dresses and the ornaments; that there was murder waiting in that chamber all the while: it made me shudder even then, amidst that crowded court, with Joseph by me. They thought it very strange, they said, that since there was so much time before him between my mistress' departure and return, that he had not murdered me instead. He had carried off all the jewels—those in the drawers as well as those which my poor mistress had worn that very evening; but from the moment he had dropped into the courtyard, the police could find no trace of him. A mere suspicion fell upon the brother of the gate-porter; but it was so vague that he was not put upon his trial. A great sum was offered in reward for the apprehension of the murderer, making up, with what was offered by my late mistress' family, nearly $2000. She died without a will, poor lady, and they were not disposed to give me anything beyond the wages due to me. After my acquittal, a collection for mine and Joseph's benefit was made by some good people; but the money only sufficed to bring us back to England. Joseph had to work out a heavy debt, incurred upon my account, and I went into service again at once, resolving to do my best to help him. At the end of two years, poor fellow, except that he had discharged his obligation, he was but little better off than at their beginning; and despairing of ever getting a living for us both in the old country, he sailed twelve months ago for Sydney. Whichever of us first got rich, it was arranged, should cross the seas after the other; and until very lately, it seemed that we might each stop where we were, engaged young persons, till we died.

I was nursery-maid in my new place, and was taking the youngest child across Hyde Park one afternoon, when I was followed by an impertinent man; I had my "ugly" on, for the sun was hot, so that my face might have been like Venus, for all he knew to the contrary; and otherwise, I flatter myself I was not disagreeable looking.

At all events, I attracted the wretch, who kept close behind me. He was an abominable person, with a foreign appearance—which I had reason enough for disliking—and eyes that looked different ways, but neither of them nice ways, so that I was glad enough to get in sight of the policemen about the marble arch. He saw that there was no time to be lost, if he meant to get a good look at me at all, so he passed me on a sudden very quickly, turned round, and looked up into my face. I gave him a very tolerable stare, too, because I knew it would disappoint him, after his great expectations; and it did so; and not only that, for it made him give a sort of villainous grin, which I hope I may never see again, and he broke out, as if he could not help it for the life of him, with "Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are unexceptionable behind." I cried out "Murder" and "Police!" as loud as I could, and the man was secured at once.

No human being except the one who had been under the bed, her murderer, could have known those words, which I had spoken alone, before madame's toilet glass. He denied everything, of course, and said it was an unjust detention; but in little more than half an hour, a telegraphic message from the Paris authorities set his mind at ease in this respect, and demanded his presence in that city.

He was the elder brother of the gate porter, whom I had never before seen; and what I had to tell, in addition to the previous suspicions against him, procured his conviction. He was sent to the galleys for life. This ruby ring, which he wore upon his little finger, I identified as having been in the jewel-drawer that very night. It was bestowed upon me after the trial by the heir-at-law, and I obtained besides the £400 reward. If I had been pretty, you see, there would not have been any occasion for me to have remarked upon it that evening, and I might have remained, my whole life long, an engaged young person.

ENTERTAINED FOUR MONARCHS.—Sir John Norman, who went by water to be sworn at Westminster, is said to have instituted the Lord Mayor's show in 1453. The earliest printed description of the show on this day is that by George Peele, in 1585, when Sir Wolstan Dixie was installed. The first Mayor of London, Henry Fitz Allwin, held office for 24 years having been appointed in 1189. Sir Henry Pickard, who was Lord Mayor in 1357, sumptuously entertained in one day four monarchs—Edward III, King of England; John, King of France; the King of Cyprus, and David, King of Scotland; the Black Prince and many of the nobility being present.

BURGLARS who exploited the Chappaqua Institute, at Chappaqua, N. Y., the other night, took two suits of clothing belonging to the Principal, and left their own dilapidated garments.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Our Young Folks.

HOW THE BITER WAS BITTEN.

BY A. D. S.

"Oh! have you heard the dreadful news!" croaked Mr. Longshanks to his wife, a beautiful tall white egret heron, flapping his wings heavily in his slow flight, across the pool, and settled himself upon the branches of the tree close to her. Mrs. Longshanks, who was busy selecting a branch to build her nest on, looked up at her husband anxiously.

"Poor Mrs. Sharpbill! oh! it's terrible! But here comes Sharpbill himself. He shall tell you."

A third white egret came winging his way over the water, and alighted near them.

"Your wife?" asked Mrs. Longshanks.

"The poor dear! the poor dear!" cried the widower mournfully, "you'll never see her again! She—she—she's—b—b—been eaten up!"

Mrs. Longshanks nearly tumbled off the tree upon hearing this alarming statement, and her pretty white egret plumes, which hung so gracefully down the back of her head, almost stood erect with horror.

"This was how it happened," continued Sharpbill, when he had a little recovered himself. "The poor dear was fishing quietly at the far end of the pool, in her usual languid way, just standing on one leg and spitting the fish on her bill as they swam round her, when, all on a sudden, I, from the shore, saw a disturbance in the water as if the mud was being stirred up at the bottom. Then, fearful sight! a horrible scaly head appeared upon the surface, with half-closed eyes. Mrs. Sharpbill, busy spearing the fish for supper, saw nothing; but imagine my horror when I found the head begin to move towards her. The splashing and disturbance of the water startled her, and she turned, and, perceiving her danger, began to make for the shore as fast as the deep mud would allow her; but her fearful pursuer came faster, and gained upon her. The terrified fish fled before it in shoals, and my poor wife did all she could to reach the shore, but in vain! The crocodile made a tremendous leap, raising its hideous body nearly out of the water, and opening its awful mouth—such a mouth! such teeth! and my poor wife disappeared inside it, bill, legs, and all!"

There was a horrified silence, and all the bird's egrets stood on end with fright.

"Where is—it—now?" asked Longshanks at last.

"We were so happy in this quiet pool, so snug!" moaned his wife.

"Come, and I'll show you!" rejoined the widower sadly: and he led the way to the far end of the swamp, where it was gloomier, more wild and tangled than ever.

"Do you see?" he whispered; and Mrs. Longshanks, very nervous, popped upon a branch to be safer and more out of the way.

Amid the gnarled roots, where they reached into the muddy shore of the pool, lay something that looked like a nobbly log of wood. But, upon nearer inspection, they saw that it ended in two short fat legs, and an ugly long head, with skin like wrinkled leather, in folds about the closed eyes.

"Hush!" whispered Sharpbill again; "it's asleep?"

And he lifted up his eyes to the sky, and waggled his egret mournfully.

"This is the very place, quiet and snug," Mrs. Crocodile had said to herself that morning as she had reached the pool. "There's no peace for a person's eggs on the river bank; the birds and the fishes find them out in the sand, and eat them before they are hatched."

So Mrs. Crocodile took possession of this hitherto, to her species, undiscovered pool. Being still rather stupid and not quite awake from her winter sleep, she passed a great deal of her time in the mud, only her nose being just visible above the surface, and in this way wrought no little havoc among the fish, which she caught and ate with her mouth under water. For the throat of a crocodile is so shaped that it can close it at pleasure and breathe only through its nose, without swallowing the water.

Thus it was that she had made away with poor Mrs. Sharpbill. To the frightened eyes of the latter's husband, it seemed as if that unfortunate bird had disappeared bodily, long legs, and all, into Mrs. Crocodile's terrible jaws. But this was not the case. She was merely held down under water to drown, which she soon did, for she could not breathe with her nose only, like her enemy, and then Mrs. Crocodile dragged her away to her larder. This was a hole she had found in the muddy bank, and where she kept food too large to be swallowed whole, to eat at her leisure.

Then she went and created a commotion among the fish, urging her unwieldy body about the pool, lashing her scaly tail, and stirring up the water and the mud in all directions. Such a splashing and dashing had never been known in the pool before. The fish were used to the egret herons, and to their sharp pointed but unerring bills, which would pounce down upon so suddenly. But here was quite a new enemy. The fish, terrified out of the few senses they possessed, rushed hither and thither in shoals, driven by fright up a shallow creek, where the crocodile plunged in upon the terrified mass, and they disappeared by the score down her horrid throat.

Then she retired to the nook under the bank close to her larder, to have a little nap, and there the egret herons found her.

And others found her too.

The fish and the birds and other small animals which came down to the river to drink were not the only things the crocodile preyed upon. The negro natives of that district themselves sometimes, and their children playing on the bank, fell victims to those terrible jaws. So they waged war against the crocodiles, and, when it was possible, caught them napping, as in the present case.

Quite stealthily and noiselessly two natives stole up to Mrs. Crocodile as she lay dozing among the tree trunks, so quietly that they did not even scare the egrets. The next thing that the sleeping monster was aware of was the sharp point of a spear going into her right through her scaly hide. She struggled, and leapt, and lashed with her tail, floundering about in the mud and water; but the harpoon was held by the natives at a safe distance by a rope.

Mrs. Crocodile soon found this out, and tried to bite it in two and get free; but her head was so set in her neck that she could not easily turn it round, and besides, the rope was composed of many strands of cord, tied together every two feet, and if she had bitten one the other would still have held. In vain she wore herself out in her struggles. Gradually the natives pulled her to the shore, and another harpoon thrust into her backbone made her suddenly lie very still.

"I don't think she'll trouble our pool again," said the egrets one to another as they flew away.

A WOMAN'S CLEVERNESS.—Over six hundred years ago the good city of Weinsberg was on a certain morning all in commotion, Conrad, the great Hohenstaufen prince, whose army lay before their walls, having just sent word that he would let the women and children go free, but that the men must surrender themselves to him.

The worthy burghers were in despair. Long and bravely had they fought for their homes, and they knew that the Hohenstaufen would show them little mercy. The Town Council met for the third and last time that day, and wagged their heads gravely over the sad news. But no loophole of escape could they see, and before nightfall all Weinsberg knew that its brave defenders were doomed.

Most of the people at once began to gather together their possessions, for Conrad had graciously added that the women might take with them their greatest treasures. While the work of preparation for the morrow's journey was being pushed forward the wife of one of the burghers went round among her acquaintances, and wherever she went heads nodded together, and hurried whisperings took place at neighbors' doors. But when she returned to her own home, there were few women in the town who did not fall asleep with new hope in their hearts.

In the morning the long procession of women and children marched slowly down to the city gates. When, however, the sad-faced burghers thought the time had come to begin taking their last farewells, the stout-hearted wife whose head had been so busy the night before with a plan for their deliverance threw down her bundle, and, turning to her companions, cried—

"Women of Weinberg! It is granted us that we may bear away the greatest of our treasures. We have Conrad's pledged word; thus, then, let us hold him to it!"

So saying, she seized her astonished husband by the waist, and with some difficulty hoisted him upon her back. The others quickly followed her example, and in this manner the odd-looking couples, with the children by their sides, trooped out of the deserted town.

"We have obeyed thy edict, good Conrad, and we thank thee for thy courtesy in allowing us to depart with these our treasures in peace," was the cry that greeted the mighty Hohenstaufen's ears as he came out of his tent.

And, moved to admiration for the clever way in which he had been outwitted, Conrad generously pardoned the brave burghers, leaving their homes untouched.

NO ONE loves the exacting nature which does not think for others but only goes on the way of its own desires. No one wishes the association of an exacting person, whatever the virtues in reserve and beneath. It is tiresome to be always forced into the attitude of submission, fatiguing to be for ever obliged to give up all our own wishes, and even duties, for the sake of pleasing an exacting nature, which even this does not always gratify. But the exacting do not reflect. All they want is to have their own way, and to make others yield; and, when they have accomplished their desire, they then say they have but their due, and perhaps not even that.

OUT in Fort Gratiot (Mich.), where Thomas A. Edison was raised—and where his father, "Uncle Sam," as they call him, is still living at the age of 91—the folks say that the great inventor was a dullish boy, always in the way.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A crocodile takes eighty seconds to turn round.

The heart of a Greenland whale is a yard in diameter.

Shields were not used in England after the reign of Henry VII.

One writer says about four-fifths of the people in London never enter a place of worship.

There are not more than 25 Chinese women in New York. They carefully avoid the public gaze.

Among the curious unearthed at Troy by Dr. Schliemann were several golden lamps, dating from 900 B. C.

Near Modena, in Italy, the petroleum gatherers dig a hole in the ground, and it is speedily filled with the oil.

The sound of a bell which can be heard 45,200 feet through the water can be heard through the air only 456 feet.

In 1858 an island in the Missouri river, near Leavenworth, contained 500 acres. Now it has spread until it comprises 1400 acres.

The business of snail gathering in Switzerland is one that has within the past five years assumed increased importance.

By means of a fish-hook fastened to a stick a thief extracted a package of $2200 from a Jersey City bank during business hours.

Auctioneers' fees in the United States and England are paid by the vendor. In Holland and France the purchasers pay them.

A German periodical devoted to wood industries announces that food products consisting partly of wood are now manufactured.

The United States now furnishes more than half the hardware imported by Mexico. Only a few years ago Germany had nearly all of this trade.

The whale lives 400 about years. A whale would be a good thing for a person to buy who hated to part with a pet after he became attached to it.

Feathers killed a man at Lamoille, Ill. It was a big bundle of them which were being hoisted to a loft, when the rope broke and they fell on his head.

Tobacco has the power of relaxing the muscular system to a marked degree, and advantage has been taken of this property, both in medicine and surgery.

Professor Bailey, of Missouri, is said to have obtained more than one thousand types of pumpkins by crossing the flowers of one kind with the pollen of another.

The reading of romances is forbidden by the Koran; hence popular tales are never put in writing among Mohammedans, but are passed from one story-teller to another.

Mr. D. L. Moody, who is holding a revival at Lowell, Mass., has been obliged to shut all Christians out of the meetings in order to have room for those who are not Christians.

Out of four thousand workers in the sulphur mines in Sicily who were examined for the army not two hundred could pass muster, which stamps the occupation as the most unhealthful known.

Although the Board of Health had declared that water from the pumps in Wilmington, Del., was bad, some people persisted in using it until the Town Council sent out men and had every pump handle removed.

A home of rest for horses has been started in England. Its object is to take care of horses suffering from lameness, sores or overwork until they are fit to work again, the owner being supplied with a sound horse in the interval.

Statistics show that the entire agriculture of the world furnishes employment to 280,000,000 men, and represents an invested capital of $224,000,000,000. The annual product is worth over $20,000,000,000. It is estimated that the civilized nations pay annually for food $13,700,000,000.

The Astrologer.

BY A. P. T.

ABDALLAH was a prosperous barber of Shiraz. He married a woman of surpassing beauty, but excessively vain, so that his whole substance was consumed in providing her with dresses, trinkets, and the luxuries of a miniature harem. Above all other women, the wife of Hassan, the king's astrologer, was envied by the wife of Abdallah, the unostentatious barber; for this lady affected great grandeur, and could afford it, on account of the large salary and handsome presents bestowed upon her husband.

One day the discontented beauty announced to Abdallah that she would no longer continue to live with him unless he gave up the miserable business of barber, and adopted that of astrology. In vain did he represent to her that trimming beards was his habit, while of astrological predictions he knew nothing; she insisted, and the unfortunate man, infatuated by affection, resolved to obey. So, observing the eccentric practices of the astrologers, he took a brass basin and a pestle of steel into the bazaar, and smiting his basin, cried aloud that he would calculate nativities, predict the events of the future, detect thieves, and recover lost property. His neighbors were astonished, and one and all said, "Abdallah, the barber, is certainly mad!" But it chanced that a certain lady, returning from the bath, walked through the bazaar with her veil torn; she appeared in great distress, and upon hearing the cry of Abdallah, sent one of her slaves to him with this message: "If you are an imposter, my husband shall cause you to be bastinadoed; if you are really an astrologer, inform me where I shall find a necklace of pearls which I have lost this day." Poor Abdallah, bewildered, gazed upon the lady, and in gaining time to invent an answer, said: "She can will the pearls, when they are near, for the veil is torn!"

These words were reported to her by the slave, and she uttered a cry of joy. "Admirable prophet!" she exclaimed; "I placed my pearls for safety in a rent that is in the veil of the bath!" and she ordered Abdallah to be presented with forty gold pieces. Now, it should be known that in the Persian baths there are screens, the name of which is the same as the native word for "veil." So Abdallah, by a lucky accident of speech, had not only saved himself from the bastinado, but had gained forty pieces of gold.

At length, another lady, the wife of the king's treasurer, made her appearance, and just at that moment a messenger from the treasurer came up to Abdallah, in the bazaar, and spoke to him. The lady stood close by, and listened. "Abdallah," said the slave, "my master has lost the king's great ruby; if thou hast the wisdom of the stars, thou canst find it; if not, thou art a pretender, and I will assuredly cause thee to be bastinadoed.' This time the unfortunate barber was at his wit's end. "Oh, woman!" he exclaimed, "thou art the author of this!" He meant his own wife, but the wife of the treasurer, who stood by, imagined he referred to her. Guilt is always pale, the poet says. She herself had stolen the king's ruby, and believed that the astrologer was aware of her crime. So, when the messenger had departed, leaving the barber petrified with perplexity, she approached him, and said, in a soft tone, "Oh, astrologer, I confess that, in an hour of avarice, I took the jewel. Restore it, without sending me to condemnation!" Abdallah sternly replied —"Woman, I know thy guilt! Where is the jewel?" She answered—"Under the fourth cushion from the door, in the apartment of Kashem, my lord's Georgian slave." Abdallah hastened to the palace, was rewarded with a robe of honor, a thousand gold pieces, and a costly ornament.

Urged by his wife, Abdallah essayed once more. The king's treasury had been broken open, and forty chests of money had been carried away. Not a trace of the thieves had been discovered. The royal astrologer had tried every sort of divination, and failed, and was therefore in disgrace. But the fame of Abdallah, which was now spoken of in all Shiraz, had reached the ear of the king, who sent for him, and gave him audience in the Hall of Kainet Serponchideh. "Abdallah," he said, with a severe expression in his face, "art thou truly able to read the stars?" "Put me to the proof," answered the barber, who was now prepared for the worst. "Then discover the forty chests of money which have been stolen, as well as the criminals. Succeed, and thou shalt marry a princess, and become my minister; fail, and I will hang thee!" "There must have been forty thieves," said Abdallah, making a fortunate and not very difficult guess. "Grant me forty days." "Forty days thou shalt have," said the king; "and thou shalt then die, or live for riches and honor."

So the barber went home and told his wife, and said—"I have forty days to live; I will sit on my prayer mat, and meditate on the evils of life and the blessedness of death. Give me, I beg, the.i, forty beans. At the hour of evening prayer, daily, I will give thee one, that, by counting the remainder, I may remember how many days I have to live." She complied, and every day, at the exact hour of sunset, Abdallah gave her a bean, and said, with great firmness and solemnity,—"There is one of them." And, on the last day, he said, in an excited manner,—"There are the whole forty of them!" What was his astonishment when, at that instant, a violent knocking was heard at the door! A crowd of men were admitted, and one of them, evidently the chief, said,—"Oh, Abdallah, wise astrologer, thou shalt receive the forty chests of gold untouched, but spare our lives!" In supreme bewilderment, he answered,—"This night I should have seized thee and thy wretched companions; but tell me, on thy head, how knewest thou that I possessed this knowledge?" "We heard," said the chief of the robbers, "that the king had sent for thee! Therefore one of us came at the hour of sunset, to listen at thy door, and heard thee say, 'There is one of them.' We would not believe his story, and sent two to ascertain it, and thou wast heard to say, 'There are two of them;' and this night, oh, wonderful! thou didst exclaim, 'There are the whole forty!' but restore the king's money, and do not deliver us unto the executioner."

Abdallah promised to do what he could. Being admitted to the palace, he declared that, owing to some mystery of the stars, it was given him to discover either the thieves or the treasure, but not both. The monarch at length consented to take the forty chests, and fulfilled his promise to Abdallah.

"IT IS a sign of a nature not finely tempered," says Epictetus, "to give yourselves up to things which relate to the body; to make, for instance, a great fuss about exercise, a great fuss about eating, a great fuss about drinking, a great fuss about walking, a great fuss about riding. All these things ought to be done merely by the way; the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern."

LOVE'S ANSWER.

BY J. S.

How should a wife love? She should love truly,
Trusting thy honor and candor securely,
Judging all faults with tenderest kindness,
Hiding thy foibles with womanly blindness.

How should a wife love? Not wildly or madly,
Grieving o'er absence despairingly, sadly;
But cheerfully, actively, asking in prayers
To bear all thy troubles and lighten life's cares.

Thus should a wife love! thus shall I love,
Striving my truth and devotion to prove,
Hope scattereth shadows. I see my path clearly,
Trusting thy heart and loving thee dearly,
Dearest of husbands, the kindest and best,
Secure in the sunshine of life let us rest.

ABOUT FABLES.

ALL fables should teach the control of the will through an appeal to the intellect and the heart. There are some fables—nursery fables, for instance—that positively teach nothing, unless it is that they instil fear and caution. Of what use, for instance, is that awesome story of "Blue Beard" and that worse than witch-like fable of "Little Red Riding-Hood?" Perhaps children also may have been taught politeness by that terrible answer of the wolf when the little girl cries, "What long teeth you have, grandma!"—"The better to eat you, my dear." Fables, some tell us, were invented to tell truth to children and to tyrants. In the East, says a writer, "fables have been often the only mode in which truth dare reach the ears of a despot; and it is not a little curious that many of the ancient fabulists were slaves who thus ventured to teach and admonish their superiors."

The fables of Æsop has been so manipulated that they appear quite in an European and modern dress. Any child could understand them, or most of them—such as that in which the cunning of the wolf defeats itself, when, putting on sheep's clothing, he hides amongst the flock and is discovered by the shepherd's counting his sheep. So readily has this as well as other fables entered into our hearts that the words "A wolf in sheep's clothing" are proverbial.

But there are others which preserve their Eastern origin, and which come to us like many of the scenes in the Bible, with an Oriental air breathing of warm climates and sunny skies. Here is one from the Gulistan, or Rose Garden, a pretty title for a book of apologues, tales, and apophthegms. Its author, Saadi, the celebrated poet, and the book are so popular in Persia that everybody, from the monarch on his throne to the peasant slave in the fields, quotes from it. "One day," says the author, "when I was in the bath, a friend of mine put into my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it and said to it, 'Art thou musk or ambergris? For I am charmed with thy perfume.' It answered, 'I was a despicable piece of clay, but I was some time in company of the rose, and the sweet quality of my companion became mine from good communication—otherwise I should be but a common bit of clay.'" Certainly the influence of good companions could not be more delicately and beautifully put.

The Fable, like the epigram, must be short, and, like that little work of art, it does not bear repetition. Those left by Æsop occupy almost all the ground that the reading public is willing to give them. He is facile princeps of fable-writers; if some others approach him, none surpass him, and all are ready to model themselves after him.

"His delivery," says Lessing, "had the strictest precision. In no single instance did he dwell upon the descriptive facts, but went immediately to the point, and with every word advanced nearer to the end; for him there was no medium between what was necessary and what was useless."

So completely had Æsop taken hold of his countrymen that Socrates, in prison, and about to die, amused himself by turning his fables into verse. The list of those who have now and then attempted fables after his manner would be a long one; Alcæus, Aristotle, Plato, Plutarch, and Lucian are amongst the number. Babrius, a Greek poet, who lived in the age of Augustus, published a book of Æsopian fables in verse, and, judged by those that have come down to us, they seem to have been vigorous. After him was Phædrus, a freedman of Augustus', whose adaptation of Æsop into hexameter verse, published during the reign of Tiberius, is the most popular form in which the fables of the philosopher have appeared.

Of modern fabulists, Addison, Goldsmith and Johnson may be named as having added something worth remembering. The Vision of Mirza, a long apologue, by Addison, wherein human life is compared to a bridge over which men travel and but few reach the last arches, but fall through into the ever-flowing river that runs beneath, is as full of beauty as it is of originality.

There is admirable satire, too, in the picture of the doctors who push the poor wayfarers on the concealed traps which let them into the river. The fable of Goldsmith is known everywhere; it is that of the giant and dwarf who go out to battle, in which the blows and wounds fall to the share of the dwarf and the glory to that of the giant. It pictures well the evils of an unequal partnership.

The modern Germans are excellent in Fable, but they have a smack of that modern satire which fails because of its directness. Thus here is one of "The Ass and the Fox." "'Tell me of any animal I cannot imitate,' boasted the ass to the fox. 'And you,' returned the fox, "tell me of one who would imitate you.' My fellow-authors, need I further explain myself?"

Here, however, is a fine one; and with it we will conclude our hasty glance at this charming mental world. It is called "Merops." "'I have yet another thing to ask,' said a young eagle to a learned, sad old owl. 'Men say there is a bird named Merops, which, flying in the air, rises with his tail upwards and his head towards the ground. Is it true?' 'Surely not,' cried the owl; ''tis a foolish story of man. 'Tis he himself who is Merops—he would fly to Heaven without for one second losing sight of the Earth.'"

The fable is by Lessing, and has the same religious element in it—which, by the way, is seldom found in the joyous but earthly apologues of Æsop—that has that wonderful fable of Bunyan's in which the divine dreamer pictures the man with a muck-rake racking in a filthy sewer for straws and rags and bits of rubbish, and never looking up, whilst all the time an angel of God holds above his head and within his reach a crown of starry jewels.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE CHILDREN.—How many plans are formed, labors endured, sacrifices made "for the sake of the children!" Families change their residence; parents in middle life their habits; fathers strain their powers, and mothers deny themselves. There is one form in which the most valuable of all services may be rendered to the young ones—too often forgotten. Give them education. They may lose money, real estate may get out of their hands, but a trained mind goes through life, cannot be stolen, and is not convertible. Buy them books rather than delicacies, sweetmeats and costly toys. Give them good, attractive reading, adapted to memory, taste and fancy. See that it is pure. Habituate them to find pleasure in reading and in talking of what they read, rather than of persons. Make home happy to them in this way, and let them become informed, companionable, and abundant in resources of pleasure and entertainment. Good schools, good books, and general reading matter—get them these, if they have to do without other things; and, to secure a right direction to educated minds, give them by word and example good principles. Let them grow up with the idea that it is not needful to be rich, famous, or influential, but that it is essential to do what is right.

PHILOSOPHER AND POET.—As Tennyson was a thinker as well as a poet, it is interesting to see how he interprets the puzzling half of creation. One thing that he insists upon is the indissoluble bond between them and man. "The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free; if she be small, slight-natured, miserable, how shall man grow?" That places quite a burden of responsibility upon women, but elsewhere he remarks: "As the husband is, the wife is," which again places the burden on the masculine shoulders. Probably the poet meant to divide it. About the esteem in which she should be held, he speaks in no uncertain manner: "Who does not honor his wife dishonors himself," and "It is the low man thinks the woman low." Somewhat equivocal is this: "It is hard to wive and thrive in a year." Possibly he means to imply that so much good fortune does not often befall a man in so short a time. His various heroines were all a little above the ordinary. "Her eyes are homes of silent prayer." "Eyes not down-dropped nor over-bright, but fed with the clear-pointed flame of chastity." "By common clay, taken from the common earth, moulded by God and tempered by the tears of angels to the perfect form of woman." "Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane of her still spirit." "Happy he with such a mother! Faith in womankind beats with his blood, and trust in all things high comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall he shall not blind his soul with clay." "She stood a sight to make an old man young!" So much and much more did he say of women. And they in gratitude may well apply to him other lines of his: "He rested, well content that all was well," and, "He crowned a happy life with a fair death."

MINDS.—Minds, like other measures of capacity, when they are full, cannot be any fuller of that which they are full of. One more drop of water will cause the brimful glass to overflow. But that same brimful glass may have packed into it more than its bulk of loose raw cotton without spilling the water. Similarly, one may have one's mind so full of one flow of thought or care that one drop more would be disastrous; but a wholly different kind of thought can, like the raw cotton, be packed into it without seemingly making it any fuller. This is one of the secrets of accomplishment. It includes the secret of true recreation.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A pretty confection easily made has a foundation of five or seven vandyke points of guipure. Around these wide, soft lace is gathered. The upper edge of the guipure forms the collar, with the addition of bright velvet satin folds or draped chiffon with rosettes at the side. A few jet beads studded over the guipure make it more dressy.

Full ruches of chiffon have wide, full ends of lace hanging directly down in front like a bib. Black d'esprit net, striped with narrow, spangled jet and gathered into a round yoke, finished with a full bertha of wide edging to match, and a soft collar trimmed with jet and flaring bows at the side, is a pretty fancy to transform a low-cut black satin bodice into a high-neck gown.

A heavy cord fully an inch and a half around, and covered with velvet of a contrasting color or to match the dress, is set into the bottom of skirts to keep the fullness out in the pocket folds so much desired.

Moire silk petticoats lined with horsehair are another invention for keeping the dress skirts well spread at the bottom.

One of the latest shapes in hats is called the "marquis." It is round in form, and the brim turns up in such a way that it "resembles a round tart." That trimming consists of large bows of velvet in satin ribbon and plenty of black aigrettes. Fantastic birds, never yet discovered by the most expert bird hunter, are a feature of French millinery. They are combinations of owls' heads with jeweled eyes, paradise aigrettes standing high on either side, and wide spreading wings from another of the feathered tribe. Parrots' heads are treated in the same manner, and the effect is very charming from a Parisian point of view. A pretty evening hat is made of four small jet fans standing upright on a skeleton jet frame, and between these are rosettes of black tulle with two stars of rhine stones in front.

Some of the prettiest opera dresses are made with a bodice of white silk gauze over pale colored silk, and a skirt of a darker shade in faille or moire. The full sleeves of gauze are draped up to show the arm and held in place by a band of ribbon or fur.

Once upon a time a plain black velvet cape was considered the height of fashion. But times have changed. Velvet capes are still the vogue, but all simplicity has vanished. According to the present fashion no cape can be trimmed too much.

Velvet capes are adorned with fur, jewels and lace, and yet it is all done so skilfully that the effect is perfect.

Many of the fashions of to-day closely resemble those of 1830, and much is said of our "exaggerated styles and extravagant materials," but great progress has been made in industry during the past 50 years. Compare a ball gown of 1830 with one of to-day. Both are undoubtedly picturesque; but it must be allowed that the latter is more artistic. And, then, fancy the difference in expense! Handsome and costly fabrics are no longer reserved for the rich. But we are wandering too long from the subject in hand, must now return to our inexpensive cloth gowns.

A pretty new gown is in light pensee or heart's ease violet crepon. The skirt is in full pen-wiper shape, with the back arranged in three groups of gathers instead of organ plaits. The foot trimming consists of two bands of pensee velvet surrounding a border of white satin, which is covered with points of black soutache braid, each point held by a tiny steel button.

The front of the bodice is a French blouse, with full vest of pensee velvet. At either side of the vest the bodice is finished by a band of white satin soutache with black to correspond with the border of the skirt. The braid on the bodice garniture, however, is simply arranged obliquely, and each strap is held at the lower end by a steel button.

The back is box-plaited and crossed, leaving in the centre a point of cloth which is had covered by pieces of velvet, forming a reversed V at the neck. The sleeves are bouffante puffs, caught up in a point on the top of the arm, and having close-fitting lower manches of velvet. A wide belt of velvet encircles the waist, and the velvet collar is finished by a bow at the back. Large rosettes of black satin ribbon, with ends falling to the edge of the skirt, are attached to the back of the bodice, just above the belt.

If silk velvet is used this garniture may be rather expensive, but a good quality of cotton velvet or velveteen is one of the cheaper fabrics which we can commend for ordinary wear, and is now very popular. If desired a vest of satin or chiffon may be substituted for the velvet, and would be quite comme il faut. A haircloth interlining is the best for stiffening the skirts, while inexpensive silks or a fabric made of silk and linen and having the appearance of changeable silk form very light and desirable linings. A pink ruffle set on the lining of the skirt at the foot is always an improvement.

A very novel gown is rendered in brown perforated cloth over apple green satin. The skirt has a deep perforated border, and the satin need then extend only a short distance above the border, and is thus far less expensive than when the perforations are in stripes extending from waist to foot. It is made after the Paquin skirt, and to be successful the godets should roll very fully.

The corsage, with slightly drooping front, has a pointed yoke of perforated cloth, below which the plain cloth is cut into half inch straps and the alternate ones removed. The sleeves are bouffante leg o' muttons, with perforated cuff to the elbow, and a perforated point forming a cap at the top. Between the point and the cuff the sleeve is cut into straps and the alternate ones removed as in the bodice. These sleeves must also be made over satin. The collar band and belt are of either green satin or velvet and are finished by large choux at the back.

The model is only suitable for a plain smooth cloth. Fancy cloths are usually made with the Paquin skirt, which may be trimmed or not as desired.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

Fricassee of Sweetbreads.—Carefully remove all the tough and fibrous skins. Put them in a dish of cold water for 10 or 15 minutes, and they are then ready to be boiled. They must always be boiled 20 minutes, no matter what the method of cooking may be. Take two good-sized sweetbreads, and after they have been cleaned, place them in a stew-pan with a pint of broth and teaspoonful of salt and white pepper, four small onions and a blade of mace; add two ounces of butter rubbed smooth with a teaspoonful of flour. Simmer all together for half an hour. Beat up the yolks of three eggs in half a pint of cream, and grate into it one-fourth of a nutmeg. Add this gradually to the contents of the stewpan, and cook a few minutes and shake all the time while the mixture is cooking. Remove the onions and mace. Serve sweetbreads with the sauce around them.

Bavarian Rusks.—Four ounces butter, four eggs, two ounces of sugar, one-half pint milk, one spoonful of brewer's yeast, or one teaspoonful of Borwick's baking powder, two pounds flour. Mix the yeast with a little of the milk, which should be warmed, add the sugar, pour it into the centre of the flour in a deep pudding pan, and let it stand to rise for one hour, add the remainder of the milk and the eggs, beating the whole well with a wooden spoon, then put in a buttered tin, leave to rise for another hour, bake in a moderate oven, and, when cold, cut the cakes in thin slices, dry in a quick oven, having previously sprinkled them thickly with sugar.

Angels on Horseback.—Twelve oysters, twelve thin slices of bacon, a slice of buttered toast. Take the oysters from their shell, removing their beards, cover each with a thin slice of bacon, which has been previously dipped in hot water and dried with a cloth, roll it round the oyster, place them on a fine skewer and suspend them before the fire till the bacon is nicely cooked. Place the toast underneath them when cooking and send the oysters to table on it.

Batter Pudding (Boiled).—One pint of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful ground ginger, one-half pound flour. Mix the flour and ginger well together, and moisten with a little milk; beat the whites and yokes of the eggs separately, then together with the salt; add gradually to the flour and ginger, taking care that there are no lumps. Butter a basin, pour in the batter, cover with a cloth and boil for two hours.

Omelet Fried.—Six eggs, six teaspoonfuls of milk, half a cup of melted butter and a little salt. Beat the eggs well and add the milk, butter and salt. Butter a hot griddle and drop the omelet on it like large cakes; when they begin to set, turn up the edge and as they brown, fold them over and over. Let them lie a moment and serve as hot as possible.

Banana Shortcake.—Cream, one half cup butter, one cup of sugar, stir in one beaten egg, half a cup of milk, two cups of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in round or oblong tins. Over one cake spread a pint of whipped cream. Sweeten to taste into which has been stirred one large banana sliced thin. Lay the other over it and serve very hot.

To prevent oil-cloth, patent leather and similar materials from sticking together when rolled, purchase a few sheets of paraffin-impregnated or otherwise paper, and roll with the material. This will prevent the sticking, also the fading of the colors or gloss by keeping out air and moisture. The evaporation of the oil is likewise prevented to a great extent.

A simple way of removing rust from finely polished steel without injury to the surface consists in cleaning the article with a mixture of ten parts putty-powder, eight of ammonia and twenty-five of alcohol, and then rubbing with soft blotting paper.

To make an ink that will copy without the use of press, brush or water, dissolve an aniline color in water and add a little glycerine. It is well to dissolve the color in alcohol first. About ten per cent. of glycerine should be sufficient.

To color leather a blood red, brush the leather with a solution of sulphate of ammonia and apply the dye. Use either aniline red or extract of alkanet root. Work rapidly to prevent the dye penetrating the leather.

Cracks in ivory may be filled with chalk made into a putty with mucilage or white glue. Magnesia and zinc-white also make a good putty for ivory cracks. Use as little mucilage or glue as possible in the putty.

To keep layer cakes from sticking put paper in the pan, grease it, then sprinkle with flour. The paper then peels off readily.

When the eyes are tired and weak, if they are bathed in slightly saline water they will soon become soothed.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the old reliable, will cure every case of cough or cold.

UNJUST SUSPICIONS.—The other day a Detroit husband went off on a fishing excursion with a small party of friends. Returning at midnight, he pounded on the door and awoke his wife. As she let him into the hall she saw that something ailed him, and she cried out: "Why, Henry, your face is as red as paint." "Guesser n't," he replied, feeling along down the hall. "And I believe you've been drinking," she added. "Whazzer mean by zhat?" he inquired, trying to stand still. "Oh, Henry, your face would never look like that, if you hadn't been drinking." "Mi to blame?" he asked, tears in his eyes. "Sposen big bass jump up 'n hit me in th' face an' make if red—mi to blame?" And he sat down on the floor and cried over her unjust suspicions.

A FATAL OPAL.—Queen Christina of Spain recently presented to our Lady of Almudeada a valuable opal ring that belonged to her late husband, Alfonso XII. Alfonso gave the ring to his first wife, Queen Mercedes, just before death. It then went to the King's grandmother, old Queen Christian, the mother of Isabella II. She died two months after receiving the ring, and left it to Mercedes' sister, Maria del Pilar, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, who also died after a few months, as did also her sister Christina, who inherited the ring from her. Alfonso then determined that no one else should wear the fatal opal, and took it himself. Within two months he was buried. This story is believed in Spain, so to prevent further harm the Queen has given the stone to the Virgin.

Grains of Gold.

It is much better to suffer than to sin.

The bright side is not always the right side.

A lie will often kill where a shotgun wouldn't.

Sooner or later pride is sure to step on dynamite.

If you would feel right, believe right, and do right.

Tact wins where great gifts without it would fall flat.

Love can be misunderstood, but never over estimated.

Not to train up the boys properly is to help the barkeeper.

The back that won't bend will some day have to break.

You have won the love of others when you prove that you love them.

Nine troubles out of ten will run when you look them squarely in the face.

The days are never long enough for the man whose heart is in his work.

How quick the peacock drops his feathers when he catches sight of his black feet.

Some people use religion as they do their silver spoons; only when they have company.

Putting a screen in the saloon's door, is the devil's confession that he is ashamed of the business.

It is more needful to be able to suffer long and be kind, than it is to preach with the tongue of an angel.

There is more real good in a cheerful disposition than there is in a pedigree running back to the Mayflower.

Socrates, when asked what was the best mode of gaining a high reputation, replied—"To be what you appear to be."

Do not go traveling without a bottle of Salvation Oil. It cures a bruise at once. 25c.

Femininities.

Queen Margaret of Italy has been presented with a golden bicycle.

"You may depend on me, wife; I give you my word." "I had rather you would sometimes keep it, sir."

Miss Helene Willis, of San Jose, Cal., is achieving fame as a collector of locks of hair of foot ball heroes.

The only woman chemist in Paris is a Vassar girl, Miss Ida Welt. She has distinguished herself at the University of Geneva and at the University of Paris.

When a young lady runs off and marries a coachman a great fuss is made about it; but every day some bride marries a groom and nothing is thought of that.

Stiggins married his type-writing girl. Before they were married he was in the habit of dictating to her, but after marriage she dictated to him, and very successfully too.

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity, but she would not wear a hat that was out of style to save the government.

"Indeed, it happened in less time than I take to tell it," said the lady, who was considered somewhat of a bore. "Oh, I haven't the least doubt of that," replied her patient and truthful listener.

The Queen of Greece has the distinction of being the only woman Admiral in Europe. She was made Admiral of the Russian fleet by the late Czar. She was always a lover of the sea, being a daughter of a Grand Admiral.

Clara: "Oh, John, what lovely flowers! They look as if they had just been gathered. Why, there's a little dew upon them." John, somewhat embarrassed: "Due upon them! Not a farthing, Clara, I assure you—not a farthing!"

Wife: "Aren't you going to eat your pudding, dear?" Husband, poking it disparagingly with his spoon: "It would kill me to eat this mess of indigestible stuff." Wife: "I know it's not very nice, but you had better eat it, dear. I hate to see it wasted."

Papa: "No, my dear, I would not wear tan-colored gloves, they do not match your dress." His heiress: "Dear me! neither they do (brightening), but then, you know, papa, I can get a dress and a wrap and a bonnet, and a parasol to match the gloves."

Wife, to husband: "Mother wants to come and make us a visit, John; but I have written to her that, just at present, while baby is teething, it wouldn't be convenient. If I give you the letter, will you think to post it?" Husband, with an air of perfect confidence: "Well, I should say I would!"

Lady Henry Somerset knows very little about the luxury of rest. She is an indefatigable worker in every good cause she is interested, and her interest means practical help. During the last year she held 115 meetings and twenty-seven conferences. She traveled over 8000 miles and spoke in twenty counties to about 250,000 people.

"Oh, Harry, what a beautiful birthday present! I am glad to know that you didn't forget me. Pure gold, isn't it?" Harry, her betrothed: "Yes, darling." "And the case is superb. It isn't a charm or an earring, for you would have brought me a pair. I never saw anything like it. What is it?" "Never saw anything like it!" cried Harry. "Why, it is a thimble!"

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Mrs. Fitts, vainly endeavoring to pour hot water out of the empty teakettle, "how did I forget to fill it, I wonder! I'm getting to be a perfect simpleton. I wish I did have a little common sense." "But my dear," interrupted Mr. Fitts, "suppose you had. Do you think you would know what to do with it?" "Do with it!" echoed Mrs. Fitts, "many things. I might want to be married again, you know, and it might save me from making a fool of myself a second time."

Masculinities.

To be a great man requires only courage enough to support adversity.

Meyerbeer said that no man could work well who did not live well. He was a hearty eater.

An English Peeress, Lady Carlisle, is training an entire staff of women to take charge of the grounds of her extensive estate in York.

Daniel Mickley, of Waynesboro, Pa., who is 99 years old, is a veteran of the war of 1812, and served at the battle of Baltimore, September 13, 1814, in which General Ross was killed.

"Some women can't believe a word their husbands says," she remarked. "Well," confided the other, "I'm not quite so badly off as that. My husband talks in his sleep occasionally."

The Czar's private treasury is practically inexhaustible, for he has no settled civil list, but draws what he likes from the imperial exchequer, every ruble in which is supposed to belong to him.

An advertising chandler at Liverpool modestly says that "without intending any disparagement to the sun, I may confidently assert that my octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."

Solitary confinement is calculated, doctors state, to produce melancholia, suicidal mania and loss of reason. Nine months of absolutely solitary confinement are almost certain to result in the mental ruin of the convict.

A certain Judge took occasion recently to warn his people from coming into the Court room drunk in these words: "I wish to put everybody on notice that if they come into this Court room while I am sitting on this bench drunk they had better look out."

In some of the large stores in Boston it is a thing of frequent occurrence for ladies, after purchasing goods, to forget to wait for the change due them. Especially is this case during the holidays. At one of the large firms the money thus left is sent to the Emergency.

The manager of a French press Clipping Agency, who deals in newspapers of the entire world, made a calculation as to who is oftenest mentioned as a public character. Napoleon I stands first. Then comes the Emperor of Germany, then Prince Bismarck, and, in the fourth place, Mr. Gladstone.

Zola, the novelist, has made fifteen attempts to get into the French Academy. Just now the fickle Parisians have turned against him, and there is talk of boycotting his new book, because his interview of King Humbert has been taken in bad part, owing to a passing flurry of passion against Italy for imprisoning a French spy.

Mrs. Yerger was in a bad humor, her husband having gone to the club, and she gave her daughter a fearful tongue lashing. Miss Yerger stood it for a good while, but at last she called out, "Mother, for goodness sake, give yourself a rest. If you keep this up much longer you won't have anything left for 'pa when he comes home." 'Ma instantly ceased.

An English reviewer says that Thomas Alva Edison is, perhaps, the most marvellous characteristic achievement of the American Continent. He has invented more things at 47 than any other man ever invented in a lifetime, but he is not used up. It is interesting to learn that Edison's great grandfather died at 102, his grandfather at 103, and one of his aunts at 108, while his father is alive at 90.

A new effort at woman's dress reform is being made by the managers of cotton mills at Saco, Me. Because of the accidents that have occurred through the hair or dress of operatives being caught in the machinery, it has been ordered that the girls shall not wear their hair hanging down, but must coil it close to the head, and the waists and sleeves of their dresses must be close fitting, the latter, of course, being opposed to anything and everything at present stylish.

Humorous.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked the swain,
"Oh, maiden of the Rhine."
She blushed in sweet confusion
And softly faltered "Nein."
He felt rebuffed and knew not
What best to say, and then
A sudden thought came to him;
He pleaded, "Make it ten."—U. N. Sone.

Query—Does it require wings to make a flying visit?

If the voices of the deep were supposed to be those of fish, what language would it be the most natural for them to use? The language of the Finns.

Mrs. Cawker: "I wonder why drum majors wear such frightfully big hats." Mr. Cawker: "You wouldn't if you could once see the size of the drum major's head."

"One of the hardest things I know of," said the young author, "is to get exactly the right word in the right place." "Yes," replied his impecunious friend, "take the signature to a check for instance."

"But what can you do, young man? Haven't you some special talent or taste—some bent, as they say?" Applicant, dubiously: "No—no, not that I can think of—except that I am a little bow legged."

Jones: "I told you that I would get even with Smith, and I have." Brown: "How did you do it?" Jones: "I made my wife put on her new two-hundred-and fifty dollar sealskin sacque and go and call on his wife."

"Pa, what is 'mist?'" "It is an invisible vapor of the atmosphere, my son." "Does a man ever turn into mist?" "Certainly not. Who said he could?" "Nobody did; only I heard ma say the other day that you never would be mist."

"You needn't bother about having the parlor swept to day," was the remark of a youth to his sister as he started to school. "What on earth do you mean, George?" "Well, I heard father tell mother that if that young man of yours came to night he'd wipe the floor with him."

A professor who got very angry at the interruption of a working man while he was explaining the operation of a machine in a factory, strolled away in a huff, and asked another man: "Who is that fellow that pretends to know more than I do about the instrument?" "Oh! he is the man that invented it," was the answer.

Mr. Hopeful, to young Hopeful, home from Harvard: "Thomas, may I ask how much your cigars cost you?" Tom: "Twelve dollars a hundred, governor. I usually get a thousand at a time, and get them somewhat cheaper." Mr. H.: "What, what? Twelve dollars? Why, I've got to be satisfied with tobies, two for a cent." Tom: "That's business, governor. If I had as many children to educate as you have I wouldn't smoke at all."

Some people when they experience a loss are despondent; others go to work all the harder and make a gain that more than covers the loss. There is a good moral in the following. At the battle of Shiloh an officer rushed up to Grant and said: "Sheneral, Sewarts's battery is took." "Well, sir," said Grant, "you spoke the guns before they were taken?" "Vat! Schpike dem now guns? No, Sheneral, it would schpoil 'em." "Well, then, what did you do?" "Do? Vy, we vent right in and we took 'em back again."

"What is the chance of gittin' transportation out of this here town for a man that's broke?" asked the man with the grizzled whiskers of the police sergeant. "Um—I don't know exactly. How did you happen to lose your money?" "You've heard of green goods?" "Yep." "I come to town to buy about $100 worth. Judgin' from what I got fer my money, sawdust must be mighty high in the market just at present." "Seems to me that you ought to have bought a round-trip ticket," mused the sergeant. "Look here, pardner; honest, now, would you expect a man that didn't have no more sense than to buy sawdust at $200 a pound to know enough to buy a round-trip ticket?"

ROYAL SEIZURE.

FROM a perusal of the literature of the last five hundred years, it would appear that originality, in the absolute sense, is a thing wholly of the past.

The intellectual kaleidoscope is full, and all we can do is to seek varieties of light and arrangement. I do not remember the time when I have plucked a flower in paper, magazine, or book, but its beauty and fragrance reminded me of other flowers; and in tracing the branch down to the tree or stalk, and thence to the root, I have found it drawing it nourishment from soil from which many other flowers have grown, are yet growing, and will grow for decades and perhaps centuries to come. Professor Masson says:

"Not unfrequently, when you have read the article of a great celebrity in the current number of a periodical, you find there has been no other motive to it than a thefluous hope to amuse an hour for you after dinner by serving up to you again the plums from some book which you and everyone else have read three weeks or a month before."

Emerson say: "Every book is a quotation;" and in his paper on Napoleon he declares that "as Plato borrowed, as Shakespeare borrowed, as Mirabeau 'plagiarized every good thought, every good word that was spoken in France;' so Napoleon is not merely 'representative,' but a monopolizer and usurper of other minds."

But it is unfair to charge seizure without discovering the stolen good. Observe, then, how the crowned head of thought have added, by royal seizure, empire after empire to their domain.

Begin with Chaucer. It is asserted, upon good authority, that everything he wrote could be traced back to a great French work entitled "The Romance of the Rose," one of those rare works on which the literary history of whole generations and centuries may be said to hinge. The "Clerk's Tale" he took from Petrarch. But before Petrarch, Boccaccio had used it. His "Troilus and Creseide" is simply an English reproduction of an Italian version of a Latin translation of a French poem. The same theme had been used by Boethius, Maure, Colonna and Boccaccio. Since Chaucer, it has been used by Ludgate, Henryson, and finally Shakespeare. In Chaucer's "House of Fame," the touch of Petrarch and Dante is visible. His "Legend of Good Women" he takes most entirely from Ovid. His "Palamon and Arcite" is scarcely more than an English version of Boccaccio's "Teseide."

Spenser's masterpiece, "The Faerie Queen," is inspired by the "Orlando" of Ariosto, and is written in open emulation of it.

Dryden's well-known lines:

Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
And give them furlough for the other world;
But we, like sentries, are obliged to stand
In starless night, and wait the appointed hour.

Montaigne used the idea, and Cicero used it before Montaigne. The "Mock Astrologer" came, in outline, from Thomas Corneille. His "Amphitryon" was so like one of Moliere's pieces that it was at first supposed to be a loose colloquial translation. But though Dryden took it from Moliere "the only writer of genuine comedy," he did no injustice to "the wonderful Frenchman," who had filched it bodily from Plautus. Indeed, so notorious was Dryden in this respect that he has been called "that literary parasite."

CHALKED.—A hotel keeper in Stirling, having got in a cask of whiskey, was busy engaged in the cellar transferring the liquor, by means of a pump, to his own barrels. Assisting him in this operation was his man John, whose mouth was watering all the time at the smell of the spirit he liked so well. The hotel-keeper received a call from his good wife to the upper regions, to speak to some gentlemen who desired to see him; and, being afraid to trust John alone in the presence of such a great temptation as the pump presented, he at length hit upon the expedient of chalking John's lips with the piece of chalk used in scoring the number of gallons. John was quite agreeable, and at once held up his lips to be chalked. The master however merely made a pretence of doing so, by drawing his thumb across John's lips; and the man, believing all fair, at once began pumping away with a virtuous vigor that seemed proof against all temptation, while the master went upstairs. When he returned, in the course of half-an-hour, John was still as industrious as ever. Of course he had "never tasted a drop," but the curious thing was that his lips were now very carefully chalked!

A BOSTON manufacturing company recently celebrated half a century of existence by making a distribution of a fund of $33,000 among its employes on the basis of $5 for each year of service. Some of the employes have been in the service so long that their shares reached $100 each.

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Recent Book Issues.

A new novel, "A Dixie Gentleman," by Frank Harrington, of Chicago, received. The book is issued at popular prices by the Syndicate Press, Indianapolis. As indicated by its title, the principal scenes of the story are laid in the sunny south, with representative characters drawn from life, and giving a deep insight into the domestic, political and social home life of the average citizen. It is a very interesting book.

PERIODICALS.

The January number of "St. Nicholas" magazine is full of holiday flavor, and there are sketches and stories to suit every taste. The serials, which are continued by interesting instalments, are "A Boy of the First Empire," by Elbridge S. Brooks; "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," by Albert Stearns, and "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," by Howard Pyle. There are poems in the number by Helen Gray Cone, Dorothea Lummis, Frederick Opper, Tudor Jenks, and Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. The Century Co., New York.

COST OF LIVING.

THAT any one particular sum can ever be established as the average cost of living is as little to be expected as that the physiologist will be able to determine the invariable minimum quantity and quality of food necessary to sustain human life; there are so many modifying circumstances—age, sex, race, habit, climate, etc.—that certain limits are set to every investigation, although, within those limits, valuable results may be obtained. But, in applying these results, the limitations must not be overlooked.

In his essay upon "What Makes the Rate of Wages," Mr. Edward Atkinson has treated one side of the subject—chiefly from an a priori standpoint. After estimating the total annual product of industry in the United States, he tries to determine what share goes to the laborers, and then by division reaches the figure $432 as the average annual rate of wages upon which each laborer is to support 2·9 persons. More valuable, however, are the statistics of the cost of subsistence which Mr. Atkinson gathered during his investigation. From the accounts of a large factory boarding-house in Maryland, he found that adult women were boarded at a cost slightly less than twenty cents a day. Prisoners in Massachusetts jails have been fed for an expenditure as low as twelve cents a day. Again, in a Massachusetts boarding-house in which accurate accounts were kept, the board of an adult man was computed to cost twenty-eight cents per day. From these data Mr. Atkinson assumed that twenty cents a day might represent the average cost of necessary food for the average inhabitant of the United States—a result put forward as an estimate, not as an ascertained fact.

Dr. Frederick Engels, of the German Bureau of Statistics, applied himself long ago to work at this problem inductively. He was the first to study systematically, the so-called workingmen's budgets, and from his investigations derived a principle now termed Engel's law, regarding the approximate variations in the proportions of the income required for subsistence, rent, etc., according to the amount of the earnings. He found that an average German workingman receiving annually an income of from $225 to $300 a year must spend 95 per cent. for the necessaries of life; and one receiving from $450 to $600, 90 per cent.; and one from $750 to $1,000, 85 per cent. The rule enunciated, then, is that the greater the income the smaller the relative outlay for subsistence, and the greater the outlay for sundries; the percentage of outlay for clothing remains approximately the same; for rent and fuel, invariably the same, whatever the income.

Herr Landolt, a Swiss statistician induced several Swiss laborers to keep exact accounts of income and expenditure. Only ten of these have been compiled, and in these the unaccounted expenditure was was reduced to less than one per cent. These ten families comprise fifty-four members, of whom twenty-three are wholly, or in part, self-sustaining, and occupied mostly with work requiring some small degree of skill. The wife in eight out of ten instances is engaged in remunerative employment. The family is made up on the average of two adults and three minors. The average income per family was about $350, ranging from $240 to $500. The expenditure for necessaries ranged from 70.5 to 91.7 per cent., with an average of 83.1; of this the average expenditure for food was 44.7 per cent.

These figures are useless except in the most general way for comparing the condition of Swiss laborers with the laborers in other countries. What Herr Landolt has given us is the service of statistics compiled upon a scientific basis. He has shown us how to set about the problem.

THE DEAN AND HIS BOOTS.—As Dean Swift was once upon a journey, attended by a servant, they put up at an inn for the night. In the morning the Dean called for his boots, and the servant immediately took them to him. "How is this, Tom," said his master, when he saw them, "my boots are not cleaned!" "No, sir," replied Tom; "as you are going to ride, I thought they would soon be dirty again." "Very well," said the Dean, "go and get the horses ready." In the meantime Swift ordered the landlord to let his man have no breakfast. When the servant returned, the Dean asked if the horses were ready. "Yes, sir," said the servant. "Go bring them out then," said the Dean. "I have not had my breakfast yet, sir," said Tom. "Oh, no matter for that," said Swift, "if you had it you would soon be hungry again." They mounted and rode off; as they rode the Dean pulled a book out of his pocket and began to read; a gentleman met them, and seeing the doctor reading, was not willing to disturb him, but passed by till he met the servant. "Who is that gentleman?" said he to the servant. "It is my master, sir," replied Tom. "I know that, you blockhead," said the gentleman; "but where are you going?" "I think we are going to heaven, sir," said Tom. "Why do you think that?" said the gentleman. "Because I am fasting, and my master is praying," replied Tom.

THE TEST OF LOVE.—He was such a nice-looking young man, and, it being Sunday evening too, the waiter-girls at the hotel decided among themselves that he would not touch the dish of raw onions placed at his left hand. He did hesitate, but only for a moment—piece after was lifted to his mouth and disposed of. Presently he lifted the last one, shook the vinegar off, and carefully wrapped it in his silk handkerchief. As he did so, the hotel-girls heard him soliloquise: "I believe that Gertrude loves me. She acts as if she did, and actions speak louder than words. To-night I shall test her love. If I am the cherished of her heart, she will not refuse to taste of this onion, so that my breath shall not be perceivable. If she is cold and fickle, I will rush from her father's mansion, and never love again!"

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Nov. 13, '68. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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